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The Week

THE American government, it is reported, is opposed to any conversations preliminary to the Washington conference, unless all the nations interested take part, in which case, of course, a preliminary conference would be a useless piece of machinery. There is sound reason for this position. If the Washington conference is to amount to anything, every nation represented in it ought to offer a frank statement of its own views and defend its interests without having assured itself in advance of the support of other nations, secured perhaps through a process of trading. What made the Morocco conferences steps toward war rather than peace was the fact that they proved an arena in which the strength of alliances and ententes were tried out. The problem before the Washington conference is difficult at best. What is sought is an arrangement among states which as peoples have clearly defined independent interests but as governments tend to cling together in groups. For the purposes of the coming conference no standing should be given to such relations as, for example, the existing Anglo-Japanese alliance or the settled policy of friendship between America and England. A "programmed" conference can at best be worth little; at worst it might be a positive menace to peace.

TO the hunger of Europe the United States makes its contribution of the 13,795 mouths of the army of occupation on the Rhine. To the German indemnity account, which every intelligent person knows should be reduced in the interest not only of Germany but also of the world, we have added $275,384,192.18 since December 18, 1918. Of this $240,744,511.89 remained unpaid on April 30th, to be added to the disastrous debt owed us by Europe. These troops are on the Rhine to enforce the terms of a truce which we broke, and a treaty which we refused to sign. Their presence there also serves in some mysterious way to justify to Mr. Harding's mind the keeping of Debs and the I. W. W.'s in prison. The whole business, we would observe mildly, suggests a lack of the feeling for proportion.

"THE property of the nation is owned by the people," says Vice-President Coolidge in the Delineator, "and is more evenly distributed than anywhere else on earth." There are few propositions about America, we hold, the untruth of which is more self-evident. Will Mr. Coolidge cast his eye over the recently tabulated income tax returns? They inform us that, for the year 1919, 65 persons paid taxes on incomes of a million dollars or over, and that the sum total of their incomes was $152,650,245. These 65 were the nucleus of a little circle of 5,526 Americans whose total income was a billion dollars a year at least, and probably more. This is additional proof of what has for some time been known to pretty nearly everybody but the Vice-President: namely,

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that the United States ranks very low in the scale of even distribution of property. France, for instance, is ahead of us, as are also Denmark, Australia, New Zealand, China, Russia. Can Mr. Coolidge show any country, republic, monarchy, or economic democracy, except England, in which property is *less* evenly distributed than in the United States?

MR. LEO WOLMAN, in our columns, recently pointed out that currently published index figures of the cost of living are in reality unreliable, that this branch of statistical science has not yet found its feet, and that the methods of compiling these figures differ widely. Index figures are not sound enough to support a plea for an accurately scaled reduction of wages in a given industry. Judge Alschuler, United States Administrator for the packing industry in Chicago, shares this scepticism so far as to deny the Chicago packers a wage cut of 12½ per cent, on the ground that nobody knows how much lower costs are for the working man. On the contrary, he enumerates a long list of commodities which have either stood pat or gone up in price. Taxes have increased, street-car fares are the same, gas and electricity no lower, rents, fuel, the telephone and telegraph, as well as newspapers are where they were or even higher, and while they remain at such levels, Judge Alschuler refuses to be persuaded by index figures that the cost of living to the workman has been seriously reduced.

FOR some time lately the American Legion has been under fire for acts of violence in which its members took the law into their own hands, and which its leaders have on the whole only half-heartedly condemned. Some of the opposition has come from within the Legion's own ranks. The Willard Straight Post offered to the Legion's New York County Committee a resolution condemning lawlessness by individual members and posts of the Legion, and urging respect of constitutional rights of free speech and free assembly. But the New York County Committee has rejected this resolution, and by so doing goes far to increase suspicion that the Legion believes it is entitled to play understudy for the law according to rules chosen by itself.

IN a recent issue of the New York Times, under headlines that gave the impression of actual fact ("Secret Service in a Textile Mill; Union methods in preparing for a strike disclosed by an investigation") there appeared an item which, for all the proofs of its truth that were produced, might have been simply a detective story. There was no date line, the names mentioned were as likely as not fictitious and the mills in which labor was supposed—or imagined—to have been caught spying, were referred to as "XYZ." The case was that of the president's private secretary, who had been "feeding information to the union officials," "but insisted that she had received no money for it. Like a lot of other so-called parlor Bolsheviki, she had . . . been doing her best for 'the cause.' ". The detective used to uncover her said that the textile union's intelligence service "makes the German secret service look like kindergarten stuff." There is little doubt that occasional unions have gone in for spying, but it is no less certain that the vast majority of them have not. It does not look well for the Times, which has shown little or no interest in the quantities of actual evidence—not short stories—proving the use of several thousand spies by employers, to print such an insinuation. It deserves the name of anti-labor propaganda better than anything we have seen for a long time. While most readers will be led by it to believe that the spying of labor on employers is customary, only an acute reader will remark that the Times obviously believes that this kind of spying is wrong, but that spying by employers on labor organizations is not.

WHILE the Senate's committee investigating the lawlessness of the Mingo coal fields has brought to light little that was not already known, one case was turned up which has its parallel only in the Ireland of today. A certain Captain Brockus, head of the West Virginia state police, had organized a volunteer force, from non-union miners and from business men, which, he said, "could be trusted on the side of law and order." This force was charged with having raided the striking union miners' tent colony, and Brockus was accused of threatening to "pile up all these women and the tents on top of them, and burn them all." The shooting of a union miner, whose hands were above his head, by one of Brockus's men, Bowles, is described by an affidavit in these terms: "Bowles said to Breedlove, 'Hold up your hands, God damn you, and if you have anything to say, say it fast'; and Breedlove said 'Lord have mercy,' and instantly the gun was fired and Breedlove fell." Brockus denied these charges. But on the other hand he admitted that 35 of his volunteer guardians of law and order had been dismissed for drunkenness or worse offenses. This reminds one

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forcibly of the general characteristics of the Black and Tans.

IT is the firm opinion of many observers of the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti, including the correspondents of several decidedly non-radical Boston dailies, that the men are innocent. Readers of Mr. Beffel's article elsewhere in this issue will very likely share this impression. The case has a striking similarity to that of Thomas Mooney. As with Mooney, the men were well-known radicals, and the trial was held in an atmosphere of armed guards and solemn precautions that could not but have had its effect in impressing the jury with the dangerous character of the defendants. And as in the Mooney case, the jury's verdict was based on complicated identifications. This latter fact renders it unlikely that any legal court of appeal will take action. Sacco and Vanzetti, like Mooney, will go before the court of public opinion, the decision of which can be registered by executive clemency alone.

NO reader of the New York press can fail to note the universal satisfaction at the dramatic conclusion of Senator Lusk's career owing to his misguided acceptance of presents from the detectives whose services he so amply employed. And when beyond this indiscretion he was led by a clever reporter to make the charge that his colleagues were also in the habit of picking up such unconsidered trifles as $1,000 silver services, the delight rose to a scream. Even the Tribune, Senator Lusk's party organ, hisses "Name them and go." This general exhilaration is doubtless due in part to our dramatic sense of fitness—the right thing has fallen out in the right place. The savior of society has been caught with the goods; the inquisitor is in the sweat box. But more than this, the complete turning of public opinion against Senator Lusk is a sign of the recovery of public health. The great majority has a natural contempt for the spy and the sneak and the spotter. Even when public excitement seems to demand their use they excite disgust and scorn. Senator Lusk was a chief among such instruments; his name was associated inextricably with methods abhorrent to the American sense of decency. Though the war made espionage a patriotic duty, it did not make it a private virtue. Senator Lusk's ill fame was becoming a burden to his state and his party. Hence the joy with which he is blotted out. In smaller communities there are smaller Lusks, likewise destined to the fate that society ungenerously but healthily reserves for its dirty tools.

IF people who think of our government as something remote and heartless will read the Index of the Congressional Record, they will at once be led into a genial Christmas tree atmosphere. For the Index, as golden-hearted a document as exists, rarely bears witness in its pages to the sterner acts of government. It is, on the contrary, mainly a record of pensions granted, for instance, to Solomon Slaughter, Beda A. Godby, Rosie E. Crabtree, Ella Cowgill, Salada Moses, Ackley R. Plumstead, Patient Wilder; or of increases in pensions to Lorilla Downhour, Mary J. Boo, Maria J. Loop, Mathias Chada, Orpha Teagarden. There are lots of other presents too: for Itawamba County, Mississippi, permission to build a bridge across the Tombigbee River; for Mill Gut, North Harlowe, Craven County, North Carolina, a survey "with a view to its improvement for navigation"; for the U. S. A., money enough to "purchase an oil-painting entitled 'Our Glory—Battleship Oregon.'" If Santa Claus were elected to Congress he would not find the business hard to learn.

"WE need education, but we more profoundly need good race. The Commissar of Immigration should be an anthropologist, exercising authority conferred on him by a Congress of biologists. And this authority and his own expert knowledge, should enable him to discriminate and decide, untrammelled by national or international politics, as to what kind of germ plasm should not enter our borders. For once here, this germ plasm will be part of our national germ plasm and will help determine the fundamental character of our race and our nation." Is this another example of Bolshevik tyranny, or science gone mad? Not at all. It is, with the word "Commissioner" of Immigration changed to Commissar, the calm utterance of Vernon Kellogg in the chaste pages of the Yale Review. He is resolved, as he says himself, on "Americanizing the germ plasm." Is Representative Ben Johnson by any chance his model?

WHO'S Who in Prohibition? The same issue of Sabbath journalism which depicts Messrs. Davison and Sitch, Labor members of Parliament investigating prohibition here, as still seeking a drink, records Lord Northcliffe's satisfaction with the nineteenth hole, played in Mr. Lamont's company. This contrast should afford a clue to the investigators that prohibition is a matter not of geography, but of social stratification, and a hint to Lord Northcliffe that his real question is not what does it prohibit, but whom.

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THE subject of the representatives who are to compose the Washington conference is fittingly introduced by Lord Northcliffe. Personalities are the life of journalism, and it is proper that the world's first journalist should raise the question. It should be answered, however, by public opinion. The people of all the nations concerned are perfectly honest in regard to the original subject of the conference, disarmament and peace. It is of the first importance to them that the delegates shall be honest men. Some centuries ago the author of the Psalms asked the same question as Lord Northcliffe, and his answer may be taken as literally and verbally inspired.

> Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in his holy place?
>
> He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully.

Whether this admits Lloyd George, Curzon, Balfour, Viviani, Tardieu and the Versailles crowd in general let public opinion answer.

THERE is little doubt that people are just now bored to death with politics, particularly foreign politics. They care less and less for the dry bread of news, and more for the raisins, for "financier's lovenests," for freakish crime, eight-legged calves, and other things of "human interest." For man cannot live by bread alone. The newspapers perceive this weariness, and have been increasing the proportion of juicy raisins. Take the foreign correspondence of the New York Times, for instance. In the last few weeks we find longish, expensive cables from Paris, headlined "Confesses murder at victim's grave: French criminal confronted with the corpse, long buried in his garden"; "New police prefect has odd adventure: accused of stealing his shoes by man who saved woman from Seine"; "French prisoner and jury enact a drama worthy of W. S. Gilbert"; "Singing as a cure-all works Paris wonders"; "Finds bearded women abound in asylums"; and "French physician declares he can read character infallibly by phrenoscopy." Such items are a barometer of public attention, which yawns at mention of the League, the Treaty, reparations, cabinet crises. Idealists and political reformers will never get very far unless they learn to recognize and respect the saturation point of the people's interest in their wares.

MR. WALTER LIPPMANN, who has been on leave of absence since March, will not return to the editorial board of the New Republic. On January 1, 1922, he will join the staff of the New York World.

The Russian Famine

THE Russian famine approaches in vastness the greatest historical calamities which have fallen upon the human race. The extent of the area involved, the multitude struck by death, the attendant phenomena of whole populations fleeing from hunger and plague and hurling themselves blindly and desperately against the barrier of bayonets which the instinct of self-preservation forces other populations to set up against them—all this gives a certain majesty of horror, such as forms the inspiration of De Quincey's Flight of a Tartar Tribe.

The causes of this catastrophe are two. First there is the unparallelled heat and drouth in which the crops of the whole Volga region have been burned up. But famine is not a new phenomenon in Russia. Almost every year there is a local shortage somewhere, and perhaps once in a decade this extends to several provinces, but surplus in other portions of the country circumscribes the famine and relieves it. This time there is no surplus anywhere. The peasants, discouraged by the policy of the Soviet government in commandeering their crops for the cities, have limited their planting to what is necessary for their own subsistence. Once more it appears that Lenin's theory is ahead of practice, and that public service as an economic impulse cannot take the place of private gain. His change of policy permitting free trade in food has come too late. In this situation, however, it is peculiarly heartless to fall back on causes. To blame Lenin is as much beside the immediate point as to blame God. The one instant and immediate question is relief. There is one chief source of help—America.

The Soviet government has constituted a Nonpartisan Public Famine Relief Commission, the individual members of which command the confidence and respect of the world. The Patriarch of Moscow and Maxim Gorky have issued appeals for help which are eloquent in their transcription of the suffering of a whole people. There would ordinarily be no question of the spontaneity and volume of the response of America to their prayers. But the case of Russia is extraordinary. We regard the Russian government as the enemy of civilization. We have tried to destroy it by arms; we have attacked it by false propaganda; we have refused to recognize it, or to permit its representative to remain on our shores. We have arrested Russians in this country for expressing sympathy with it, and many of them are now in our prisons. Altogether we have wronged Russia so deeply that in self-justification we are compelled to persist in re-

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garding her as an outcast nation. And our punishment, if we could but see it, is that we are not spiritually free to grant that spontaneous and generous relief which is so greatly needed.

Mr. Hoover, answering the appeal on behalf of the American Relief Administration, lays down conditions which permit us to continue to ignore the existence of the Soviet government. The American prisoners in Moscow are to be released without formal negotiation, which would imply recognition, and control of distribution of relief is to remain entirely in the hands of Mr. Hoover's agents. Doubtless these conditions seem perfectly fair to most Americans, but from the point of view of the Soviets their acceptance implies a sacrifice and a danger. For Mr. Hoover has admittedly used the power of food in the past to control revolutions and overthrow governments of the Soviet type, and has been upheld by American public opinion in so doing. Against his promise to abstain from political activity the Soviet government must anxiously reflect on the behavior of the American Red Cross, committed to neutrality, but active in support of Wrangel and Yudenich. Altogether its acceptance is an evidence not only of the extremity of the crisis, but of a trust in our generosity and good-will—a trust which under the circumstances is both magnanimous and pathetic. That faith must not be betrayed. Mr. Hoover is the guardian of the conscience and purse of America in the matter of foreign relief. No single agency in the raising of funds has anything like his potency. What he decides will be accepted. It may be that he holds in his hands greater power of life and death than any individual ever consciously wielded before.

There is no use, however, in minimizing the difficulties that lie before Mr. Hoover and the "honest people" to whom Maxim Gorky appeals. We have ourselves raised great obstacles in the way of aiding Russia. We have become so used to thinking of Russia politically that we are scarcely shocked by a protest of the New York Herald against even the offer of assistance before the American prisoners are released, or by the suggestion of the Tribune that Mr. Hoover should add to his conditions the retirement of the present Bolshevik government. It is politics against humanity. Two peoples, one in agony, one in prosperity, one suppliant, one lordly in its generosity, are separated by political intolerance. It is necessary for the Russians to receive; it is no less necessary for America to give. To speak of politics is to sin against the Holy Ghost.

There is, as Maxim Gorky declares, a peculiar opportunity in the Russian crisis to renew faith in humanity so shaken by the war and its aftermath. The Russian people have shown this faith—it is for America to justify it. Already the American Friends are conducting relief work at Moscow, and through them a number of organizations (including the Jewish Joint Relief Commission) are sending funds which up to the present they have raised slowly and with difficulty. Undoubtedly the Friends will work in complete harmony with Mr. Hoover's organization as with the Soviet government: we can be sure that in practical administration they will allow nothing to stand in the way of the fullest cooperation. If it is desirable that all existing organizations for the relief of Russia be merged behind Mr. Hoover they will lead the way. But the spiritual unification of Russian relief is more important than the administrative; and that depends upon shifting the whole relation between the American and Russian peoples from politics to humanity. The All-Russian committee can cooperate to this end. It might send a delegation to the United States, headed by Maxim Gorky and including leading Russian artists and men of science. The friendship of the two peoples must once more be reaffirmed, in spite of politics. If politics continues to rule us in the face of this overwhelming human suffering we must indeed accept Rossetti's sorrowful lines on The Refusal of Aid Between Nations:

By this we know
That our earth falls asunder being old.

Japanese Reservations

THE State Department was on safe ground in predicting that Japan would accept the invitation to participate in the conference on disarmament and Pacific questions. Japan could not have refused, without falling into a position of dangerous isolation. But Japan, or rather the imperialistic group of Japanese around the foreign office, does not like the idea of a conference. It is far easier to work toward a position of advantage on the Asiatic continent through a succession of agreements with particular nations, winning recognition now from one nation, now from another, and then proceeding in further international relations on the assumption that the matter has been settled. Japan would rather leave Far Eastern questions in abeyance until our State Department assumes a more pro-Japanese complexion. But for the present the preferences of Japan do not count. The conference will be held, and she has to come in.

All that is now practicable for Japanese diplomacy is to limit the scope of the conference as

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narrowly as possible. Accordingly, in the Japanese reply the participation of Japan is made conditional upon a prior agreement as to the agenda of the conference. And the reply further specifies that introduction of problems "such as are of sole concern to certain particular powers or such matters that may be regarded as accomplished facts should be scrupulously avoided."

All of which has as much meaning as the conversations preliminary to the conference may put into it. Japan may and no doubt will seek to exclude the question of Yap, as concerning two particular powers alone. She will seek to exclude the Shantung issue, as something that ought to be regarded as an accomplished fact. Similarly the extension of Japanese sovereignty over Northern Sakhalin and in the boundary zone of Korea will be claimed by Japan as accomplished facts. For the recognition of these accomplished facts Japan would no doubt be willing to pay the price of excluding the immigration question from the conference.

Now, there is sound reason why the conference should limit its scope to the problems that are definitely related to the naval problem. No country will fight Japan on account of Yap or of Northern Sakhalin. The significant problems of the Pacific are those of China and Siberia, and so long as everything pertinent to China and Siberia is admitted as falling within the scope of the conference, it does not matter so greatly what else is left out.

It is, however, exactly the problems of China and Siberia that Japan will attempt to exclude. The fact that she has raised the question of limiting the discussion confers a supreme value for her upon limitation. If, for example, it is agreed in the agenda to exclude the question of Shantung, that would be tantamount to an international recognition of Japanese claims in Shantung. Similarly with the Japanese position in the Far Eastern Republic of Siberia.

What concessions are to be made to Japanese wishes in fixing the agenda of the conference we shall probably not know until after the conference has convened. Those concessions ought not to touch matters of essential importance: nor is there any reason why they should. For if Japan refuses to participate, having failed to get her way in the defining of the scope of the conference, she will have made clear just what her way is, besides placing herself in a position of isolation. Japan was able to force Wilson to wink at the rape of Shantung, because Wilson was willing to pay any price necessary to secure Japanese adhesion to the League. The present Administration is asking nothing that Japan can afford to withhold.

What the Republicans Have Accomplished

FOUR months have passed since the Republican party assumed full control of both Houses and the Presidency. Nor have they been the quiescent months of the ordinary spring and summer. Both the administrative and the legislative departments have presented at least an appearance of almost continuous activity. How does the output fulfill the promises of the Republican party?

Great national interests were demanding attention when the Republicans assumed power. The tariff and the system of internal revenue required revision. The railways and ocean shipping presented problems of pressing importance. Industry languished for want of markets, and grew more and more diseased with hostility between capital and labor. Agriculture was suffering intensely under the slump in prices, and the construction industry was paralyzed, while the need of the people for housing grew steadily more insistent. Foreign trade was falling off. Technically we were still at war with Germany. We were still in effect blockading Russia. We were still afflicted at home with the hangover of war laws. Without carrying this enumeration further it is sufficiently plain that the Republicans had a job of vast importance to do. And after four months it is not unreasonable to ask them what they have accomplished.

It will hardly be disputed that where the party in power has exhibited the greatest energy is in the handling of foreign affairs. The influence of the State Department was exerted with salutary effect for moderation in the fixing of the German indemnity and in the acceptance by Germany of the Allied terms. The action of the Department with regard to Yap reopened the question of mandates and left at least some small chance that the mandate territories will not be treated as territories frankly annexed. Though peace has not been made with Germany, the state of war has been ended. Though Mexico has not been recognized the points at issue have been narrowed down. We have advanced so far in respect to the Soviet government that we recognize its existence for the purpose of demanding the release of prisoners. Most important of all, the convening of a conference to discuss disarmament and Pacific questions is a step, however hesitating, toward restoring the United States to the councils of the nations. We need not approve of all the policies involved, nor indeed of any of them. Whether we do or not, we certainly can not charge the Republican Ad-

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ministration with inactivity in this department.

Not so much can be said for internal administration. The War Finance Corporation has been restored to activity and has actually made advances in aid of export aggregating over thirty-two millions of dollars. That is about the value of four days' exports, at the present rate of movement. The operations of the farm loan banks have been extended, though not sufficiently to make any marked improvement in agricultural credit. Administration activities have helped in the provision of live stock credits. The Federal Reserve banks have returned to a more liberal policy, whether as a result of government impulsion or to a general easing off in financial conditions it is impossible to determine. A plan has been propounded by President Harding for helping the railways out of their present difficulties. Whether it is a wise plan or not remains an open question. We refer our readers to an article in this issue by Garet Garrett, for an analysis of the relations involved. The Administration claims credit for the successful refunding of certain embarrassing short term notes. It might also claim credit for the exhibition of many good intentions in the way of reducing governmental expenses. Further credit is due the administration for the restoration of common sense and tolerance in the Post Office. That is about all that the Administration can show for its four months of work, on domestic questions.

Still less imposing is the record of the legislative branch. We have an emergency tariff, which so far as can be seen does not do anyone any good. We have an immigration law, the most stupid and vexatious known to modern times. The revision of the general tariff drags along dispiritedly. What is coming in the way of a tariff act is plainly no systematically contrived plan of meeting the nation's economic needs, as conceived by the protectionists, but instead a chaos of concessions to private interests. Revision of the internal revenues also drags wearily along. The Republicans know what taxes they want to abolish, but they do not know what taxes they dare to put in the place of those that are to go.

When a party returns to power after eight years in the wilderness it may fairly claim a right to a period of drift, until it can effect a working organization. But four months of drift ought to be sufficient at least to bring forward possible leaders, to exhibit at least a nucleus of policy. Four months have not done that for the Republican party.

Perhaps it is because circumstances are too kind to the Republicans. They have a big job presented to them, one whose successful execution would establish their prestige for another generation. They could use the leverage of the Allied debts to force a restoration of normal economic relations in Europe and so give us back the customers without whom our own trade languishes. They could put our transportation industry, by land and by sea, on a sound footing, technically, whether as public or as private enterprises. They could restore hope and energy to agriculture, and win general support for the policy of progressive nationalism for which the party is assumed to stand. The Democratic opposition is hopelessly in the minority, and divided besides. There are no active factional disturbances within the Republican ranks. Public opinion is uncertain of itself, awaiting an impulse from those in power. And none is given. Yet the Republican leaders must recognize that nothing but aggressive action can hold a great party together. A policy of good intentions and inactivity ruined the party under Taft. It may ruin the party again under Harding.

Longer Vacations

FEW things should be more popular among office workers than an argument for prolonging vacations. Judging by New York, Chicago, Boston or Philadelphia, the well-advertized idea that the big city is a splendid summer-resort has very little in it. The big American city is a suffocating place in summer. It is jaded and stale and dirty. It usually stinks. The mounting temperature propels huge mobs to the bathing beaches where they jostle one another in their fight for food and drinks and bathing lockers and bathing suits, and jumble uncomfortably together in the narrow margin of the surf. To escape from the big city in July or August is an American instinct, even if the escape is made only to a congested district around a lake or on the ocean, where the chief topic of conversation is the blood-sucking of landlord and mosquito.

Popular as the theme of longer vacations may be, it is only fair to look on the vacation as, in some measure, a dividend on personal activity. Is the man who does not work competently or faithfully entitled to as long a vacation as the man who does? Since someone has to pay for vacations, the man who produces most should have first claim. The drone has a greater aptitude for leisure than the busy bee, but his most eloquent arguments for prolonging vacations can hardly obscure the fact that if he does not work in working-time he is certainly consuming the other man's product in vacation-time. Vacations, in one aspect, are a subtraction from the resources that the working period has

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accumulated. To relate the length of vacation to the value of service is not, therefore, unreasonable, especially if there can be some objective way of establishing the relation.

But vacation output ought not to be considered as cake. It is not merely a dividend on personal activity or a luxurious consumption of dividend. It is the rest period that ought to succeed the raising of a crop, and its main object is not so much to amuse its participant as to refresh and restore the soil.

One of the persistent assumptions of modern individual management is that the "vacation" is a kind of bounty or reward on the part of the employer, a kind of philanthropic indulgence. In fear and trembling the ordinary office employee asks for an extra few days' off, even without pay. To receive a full month's vacation is regarded as bliss; and the teacher or the judge, whose routine is suspended for the whole summer, is taken as a privileged being not unlikely to be overwhelmed by the riches of his leisure.

This state of mind is largely infantile. It belongs to the period when school was the supreme restraint and drudgery, and it carries over the pupil-teacher attitude into working life. Such an attitude is a proof of immaturity, and people who are not mature will be exploited. But to the extent that so-called vacation is the proper concomitant of our working activities, a more mature attitude toward it might well be adopted, an attitude much less vague and sentimental.

The vacation period is really to be approached from the point of view of vital economics. In the right kind of accounting the factor of depreciation is fully admitted, and vacation is an allowance against human depreciation and for recuperation. To tell off-hand the amount required is impossible, but the essential point is its relation not to the luxury of idleness but to health and human resilience. If the machine is to remain resilient it must be guaranteed its rest. Hence the person who seeks vacation should not seek it simply as a dividend on personal activity. He is justified in taking the position that formal vacation is an indisputable factor of western industrialism and its compressed activities. How much vacation can the traffic bear? That is a budgetary question to be decided in each case individually. But the place of the vacation in the budget ought to be near the top. It should be taken into account as a fixed charge just as certainly as the charge for sickness, for old age, for dependents. The wages that simply keep step with the cost of living and no more are not economic wages, and the wages that ignore a recuperative vacation are not economic. To take profits before these charges have been made is to eat up vitality.

And it is to eat up vitality without excuse. For rightly adjusted vacations pay for themselves. It is not philanthropy to give a worn-out subordinate a month's vacation, or six weeks' vacation. It is good sense. In the long run the illness period is bound to increase year by year unless the process of break-down is insured against; and it is better business by and large to enforce vacations in time than to give extended sick-leave too late.

One notable employer can be quoted to this effect. Not all of Lord Northcliffe's interviews have come safely through the wash, but the recent statement he made on vacations is durable. He said that when he began as a newspaper proprietor he had the idea that newspaper men ought to stick right to the job. He allowed his men two days' leave at the end of every two weeks. With experience, however, he has completely changed. Five days' work a week, he now considers, and long non-routine periods of travel and change keep his men at the top of their form. At the top of their form, we may believe, his enterprises do not suffer.

The newspaper man, it may be said, is a special case. He is hard-driven and high-strung, and he requires more chance to recuperate than the person engaged in a less complicated routine. This may be so, though the majority of newspaper proprietors do not seem to think so. Perhaps with newspaper workers as with the men and women who work in offices and factories, the real problem is one of industrial method. Despite Lord Northcliffe, we probably must look for the day when vacations will be determined by industrial democracy rather than submitted to the business manager's benevolent despotism.

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Disarmament and the East

THE two halves of President Harding's proposal move us in the Old World in very different ways. The response to both is cordial and affirmative, but that does not prevent us from realizing that one of the two conferences is serious politics, and the other is not. The Far Eastern conference may succeed or it may fail: it may greatly improve Anglo-American relations, or it may destroy the hope of improvement, but whatever its issue, it is, at any rate, a frank invitation to face realities. It is based on the sound commonplace that policy governs armaments. That maxim the other conference ignores, and few of us expect that it can have any positive result, good or bad. To be sure, if the three chief Far Eastern Powers, who are also the three chief naval Powers, should reach an agreement to limit or reduce their fleets, the general conference may extend it to the world at large. That would be merely a matter of drawing inferences and adapting formulae. "The sea is one," as the experts say, and a Far Eastern naval agreement would involve, would even potentially be a world-wide naval agreement. France, with her naval ambitions consigned long ago to the safekeeping of her historians, and Italy, with her pressing need for economy, would be glad to countersign any pact to check the growth of naval armaments.

The difficulty is on land. The settlement of Paris created a definite European system, based upon certain alliances and antagonisms. That system, inherently untenable and unstable, has its inevitable expression in the conscript armies of the Allies which have survived the peace. The physiognomy of Europe is fixed by the twitching nerves that betray the universal suspicion. Here are the French on the Rhine, restlessly seeking occasions to push forward, under the pretext of "sanctions" for breaches of an impossible Treaty, destined to be broken again and again. The Poles, spilling their surplus armies across a frontier that cannot hold them, now into Vilna and again into Upper Silesia, spend the intervals between these adventures in predicting the renewal of their Russian war. The "Little Entente" masses its forces to prevent the return of a Habsburg to Hungary, probes the depths of intrigue to discover whether the ex-Emperor enjoys French backing, and shudders as it notes how imperfectly its own recent accessions of territory are cemented to its centres. As I write, the diplomatic seismograph records a tremor from Sofia, and the official inspirers of the press half reveal and half conceal some supposed Bulgarian plot for the recovery of Thrace. The British fleet is massed to prevent the approach of Turkish armies to Constantinople, while the Greeks pursue their offensive in Asia Minor. One accords to the suggestion that Europe should disarm, the tribute of a sigh, but one knows too well that this aspiration can be realized only when the political settlement itself is revised.

That is no part of Mr. Harding's plan. Indeed, the invitation itself, confined as it is to the principal Allied and Associated Powers, tacitly perpetuates the system of Versailles. It would be easy to sketch in advance the speech which M. Briand will make to the conference. It will open with a moving picture of the anguish of invaded France. It will remind America and Great Britain that the "guarantee" treaties of alliance have never been ratified. It will dwell on the moderation of M. Clemenceau in renouncing the Rhine frontier. It will conclude with a declaration that France, left to her own defensive resources, must keep them at their present level, as an insurance against fresh invasions. The speech will sound plausible only to those who forget that French armies hold the bridge-head of the Rhine, ready to pour their troops at any moment into an unresisting Germany, that her peace establishment is now eight times that of her beaten foe, who lacks moreover a general staff, big guns, air-craft and organized reserves, and finally that Poland, with an army that outnumbers Germany's by six to one, stands ready to back her French ally in the East. French armaments are of course defensive. They defend her continental hegemony.

One asks why it is that Germany and Russia are excluded from the conference. Has Russia, with the Japanese camped in Vladivostok, no concern in the peace of the Pacific? Is she to be disarmed as Germany was, by dictation? If so, she must first be beaten. But if she is not disarmed, how can her neighbors be ordered to disarm? Again, has not Germany, precisely because she is disarmed, a right to ask the conference to consider her position between the overwhelming armies of her neighbors? But there are broader reasons why no conference which concerns itself with disarmament alone, can hope to succeed. Armaments have a purpose. Call it, as you please, defence or the realization of proper ambitions. One cannot propose disarmament without providing the alternative process, by which wrongs are to be righted and just ambitions

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satisfied without violence. Europe cannot, America will not provide the alternative. If it had been possible to create a strong, impartial and all-embracing League of Nations, with its mechanism for mutual defence, arbitration and conciliation, disarmament would have followed as the easy and natural consequence. The present League is too feeble, too partial, too plainly a reflection of the insincerities of the victors, to promote it with success. But without some standing international organization, disarmament, on land at least, is barely thinkable. For disarmament implies not merely a conference to decide, but a mechanism to enforce. It has not been easy to complete the disarmament of Germany, beaten though she was to her knees. It has taken much vigilance, many meetings of the Supreme Council, three several ultimata, and the incessant work of a whole staff of inspectors to do it. Are the Allied and Associated Powers ready to apply the same procedure, for example, to Poland? To ask that question is to answer it. Not until the "principal Allied and Associated Powers" themselves realize that the peace of Paris must be recast, not until they realize that their European system means economic disaster and moral ruin, will the time have come for a new creative effort. For to disarm is no mere negative act. To conceive it merely as the disbanding of regiments and the reduction of budgets is to fail in imagination. It can come only after the travail of a new birth. It implies the making of that Great Society which Mr. Wilson like other pioneers had seen in visions and failed to build.

To the Far Eastern Conference, on the other hand, the minds of thoughtful Englishmen turn with high hopes, not without a dash of anxiety. It will be a cross-roads, and unless the two English-speaking peoples leave it arm-in-arm to walk the same road, their paths may sharply diverge. There come moments in the history of two Powers when an easy and friendly but undefined and indifferent relationship is no longer possible. At the turn of the century, that was our position towards Germany. We could not ignore her aspirations as a world-power: we had to choose between cooperation or opposition. Proposals for an actual alliance were discussed, and allowed to lapse. From that moment of close approach, the two Powers drew apart. We allied ourselves at first with Japan and then in fact, if not in name, with France. Through naval rivalry and hostile groupings, we moved towards 1914. A memory of those months of decision haunts some of us today as we read the cordial invitations of Ambassador Harvey to an habitual and world-wide cooperation with the United States, and ponder over naval programs. As the vast problem of the Pacific opens out, it is certain that a merely indifferent, or casual, or opportunist relationship will be increasingly difficult to maintain. It must be either cooperation or opposition. To be sure, with scarcely an eccentric exception, we in England find war literally unthinkable, and we do not think it. A liberal review which on this side of the Atlantic should publish ten articles against the idea of war with America would seem to us to have lost its grip on realities. Our peace society would as soon think of starting a campaign against war with the Martians. But into a long and steady diplomatic opposition, with the accompanying rivalry in ship-building, we might conceivably drift, against the general will. Nor does one like to inquire too closely what would happen, if Japan were at war with America. It is "unthinkable" that we should aid her, but I recall the nearly universal comment on the late war, that modern developments of the blockade had rendered neutrality henceforward impossible. Our ally, if she were still our ally, would ask for loans and munitions, and we should find an American blockade in the Pacific more than irksome. For these reasons and for some others, the whole of the Labor party and most of the free Liberals are strongly opposed to the renewal of the alliance with Japan—as indeed, we were against its original conclusion. It was with immense relief that we witnessed the stout opposition of Canada to its renewal at the Empire Conference. That unconventional Canadian threat to contract out of the treaty, if renewed it should be, has brought Downing Street sharply and unpleasantly up against realities. Our mandarins may resent this amateur intrusion on their mysteries, but even they have too much sense to introduce a solvent into the loose structure of our Empire.

Even when it formed an intelligible link in our world system, the Japanese alliance was always something of an accident and excrescence. It sprang from the acute sense of our dangerous isolation, which came over us during the Boer War, when we realized how nearly a continental coalition had been formed against us. At one moment an Anglo-German-Japanese alliance was a possibility under discussion. We next realized that Germany would not join us in any pact aimed at Russia. Then, as we delayed to accept the overtures from Japan, she forced our hand by coquetting for alliances in St. Petersburg and Paris. We had a double purpose in concluding this always unpopular connection. First of all it kept Japan from linking herself up with our rivals, and secondly it served us as an indirect means of weakening and opposing Russia. From both standpoints it justified itself,

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and it proved itself adaptable as the years went on, and Germany succeeded Russia as our principal rival. To the mind of the plain man, it no longer has a justification or even a meaning. We need no naval ally in the Far East or anywhere on the high seas.

I am the last person formed by Nature to guess with success at the present thoughts of Downing Street. As I try to pierce the verbiage of the semi-official explanations, I detect no strong positive reason for renewal, but rather a certain inertia. To break with the old system is always difficult. Fresh thinking and fresh methods are never welcome to the official mind. There is, moreover, a genuine dread of what Japan might do, if she felt herself affronted. So long as Downing Street has her tied to the alliance, her course, it thinks, will be more or less straightforward and predictable. It is not so easy to say what she would do if she were left to her own devices. She did conclude during the war a none too straightforward secret treaty of alliance and re-insurance with Tsarist Russia. There are documents—they may be forgeries—which even disclose coquettings with Germany. To be sure there are no visible temptations of this kind lying around today. Neither Moscow nor Berlin will turn to Tokio at present. But who can feel sure of the temptations ten years hence? That, I think, is the main line of the reasoning which leads Downing Street to desire the renewal of the Alliance, albeit in a modified and even emasculated form. It thinks traditionally in terms of a Balance of Power, and in the Pacific as elsewhere, the consecrated British reading of that detestable doctrine, inclines it to ally itself with the weaker Power.

In estimating the attitude of the British Foreign Office, it is important to take account of a peculiarity from which in some degree all diplomatists seem to suffer. It is their foible to believe that they can exert a sweetening moral influence upon allies. It is a naive vanity, and I presume it is part of the duty of allied ambassadors, in their intercourse with allied foreign secretaries, to encourage it, and even to play upon it. Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, held the sincere conviction that during the Entente he was slowly and tactfully permeating the Empire of the Tsars with his own mild liberalism. In the most anxious hours of our recent association with France over the affairs of Europe, the same conviction of its own ability to radiate light into the darker places of an ally's mind, has sustained the Foreign Office. I do not doubt that Lord Curzon like his predecessors cherished a similar view of his relation to Japan. If one talks to an official person about the actual working of the alliance—the rape of Korea, the absorption of Manchuria, the grabbing of Shantung, the occupation of Eastern Siberia,—he will answer sadly that it is certainly depressing, but he will beam with a show of genuine self-confidence, as he asks you to consider how much more Japan would have taken, had we not stood by her side as an embodied conscience. I have heard that same retort in regard to Persia and Morocco. It has left on my mind the conviction that the one relationship in which a Power can exert no effective influence over another, is the relationship of alliance. Whenever two Powers, without the consent or participation of a third Power, make an entente or alliance to preserve its integrity, that Power is doomed. One may do anything with an ally but oppose him. None the less, after a long scrutiny of the British official mind in this relationship towards Russia, France and Japan, I believe that its delusion is sincere. It exaggerates, and perhaps mistakes the quality of its own infectious liberalism.

There is, of course, another prevalent theory of the alliance—that we went into it with our eyes open, that the liberal moralists of the diplomatic service are perfectly well aware of what Japan is doing, that with some reservations as to peace and the observation of the outward decencies they in the main approve it, that British finance reckons on its share in Japan's industrial expansion, and that in the end, when Japan has grabbed the North, we will take the South for ourselves. That view, or some milder version of it, may at times have influenced some of our statesmen. One cannot forget the claims once advanced to the Yangtse Valley as a British sphere. Professor Dewey's disclosures about the British coal concessions in Kwantung are excessively disquieting. My own bias is usually to take this realistic view of British imperial policy. None the less, I feel certain that at present no design of this sort effectively influences the Foreign Office, at any rate as a settled intention which it would stubbornly refuse to abandon. It may have dangerous manias of this kind, but, as everyone knows, the interest of Lord Curzon and of Mr. Churchill lies in the Middle East. It is the oil of Mosul and not the coal of Kwantung which excites them. Their strategical thoughts are busy with the Dardanelles and with the new aerodrome for Egypt. Public opinion in England, in its dread of high taxation, is stoutly opposed to all imperial adventures. Moreover our finance is not suffering from an excess of capital clamoring for export. We are now a debtor nation, and the drive of expanding capital which made our Empire, does not force us urgently into Chinese industry. We have

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goods, or hope to have goods to send there, but we have no surplus capital. That condition and our finances tends to throw us back upon Manchester habits of thought. We value the "Open Door" in China for our exports of textiles and machinery. It is, indeed, as we survey our own ruined continent, the one big foreign market capable of great expansion. But while we lack capital, it presents itself rather as a market for commodities than as a field for monopoly enterprises and concessions. That change of attitude is visible in the views of the China Association, which speaks for most of our Far Eastern traders, shippers and bankers. It originally supported the renewal of the alliance. It has in recent weeks sent a strongly pro-Chinese memorial to the Foreign Office. It is becoming sensitive to the public opinion of its Chinese customers. It dreads the application to British trade of the boycott from which Japanese merchants suffer. On the whole then, the economic argument tells against a predatory policy of penetration and disruption, and in favor of the Open Door.

From a British angle of vision, then, one can see many factors which tell in favor of the success of Mr. Harding's conference. Look at the problem from a British or from an American point of view, and it would seem that a constructive definition of the Open Door should suffice to prepare an agreement to reduce or limit armaments. To work out that constructive definition in detail would require recent and expert knowledge. Can the process of penetration by foreign capital be wholly withdrawn from the sphere of diplomacy, and handed over permanently to a solidly knit banking consortium? Is it possible to prevent the opening up of each district by the capital of only one Power? Can you arrange that if, say, a Japanese company works a mine, an American company shall work the railway? Or can the capital of the various groups be interlocked and diluted, so that none of them shall have exclusive local interests? The working out of such plans would, of course, confront China with a dangerously powerful foreign money trust, but it would save her from the immediate risk of partition and disruption. I confess, however, to a doubt whether Japan, even if she realizes that she may be in danger of losing the British alliance, can be induced to enter sincerely into schemes for the salvation of China, unless she perceives some "compensation" for what she will regard as her "sacrifices." It is essential that she should feel in danger of complete isolation, should she persevere in her encroachments. But she is driven onward by the curse of overpopulation. She has her case against the white races which hamper her emigration, and now propose to check her expansion on the Asiatic continent. If Australia had had the grace to open the Northern Territory, which no white race can ever colonize, there need never have been a Japanese question. Is it possible to save Shantung and Far Siberia, by recognizing and tolerating Japanese expansion in Manchuria and Mongolia? The policy of throwing outlying provinces to the wolves will never save a people, if the heart is diseased. But the case of China is only that she needs time and a measure of friendliness from the outer world in order to save herself. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Medicine Hat

SOME twenty years ago the farmers of western Canada became conscious of the fact that the Dominion was being governed by a very select class,—the representatives of the commercial interests of the east. The farmer saw that he must sell his product in the world markets and take the price set by those markets—less the profits of the middleman, which, by the way, were often the only profits going. The fiscal policy of Canada had been based on a protective tariff since 1878.

The farmer was decidedly averse to paying a high rate of duty on everything he bought, while, by the nature of things, he must sell in the unprotected markets of the world. He submitted patiently for a time and then, in desperation, he decided to cooperate with his neighbor,—curiously enough, a difficult thing for the farmer to become accustomed to. Having set his hand to the task, however, he continued with enthusiasm. He decided that it was time the "infant industries" of Canada were weaned. As one farmer-politician put it: "The longer a calf is allowed to suck the cow, the harder he is to wean!" And another interjected: "Yes; and the longer the weaning is put off, the poorer the cow gets!"

Roughly speaking, Conservatives are protectionists; Liberals are Free Traders,—excepting when in office. The Laurier government was in power for fifteen years, but the tariff remained to all intents and purposes the same as when the Liberals took over the reins of office from the protectionist Tories.

In 1910 a deputation of eight hundred organized

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farmers descended upon Ottawa, demanding a lowering of the tariff walls. This served to galvanize the government into action. One of the immediate results was the agreement for reciprocity in natural products which was made with the United States during the winter of 1910-11.

Canada had not then lost 50,000 sons in a great war; neither had she yet increased her national debt from $300,000,000 to $2,500,000,000 by assuming a full share of the responsibilities of nationhood. There were those in 1911 who made the claim that ratification of the Reciprocity Agreement by Canada would be a sign that the Dominion was a deserter from the British Empire. One of the men who most sedulously used this argument is now the prime minister of Canada. Far from seeing a menace in Canadian-American rapprochement, he has recently been heard in England in strenuous opposition to renewal of the Anglo-Japanese treaty on the ground that friendly relations with the United States are the most important consideration of Canada's external policy. Sir Robert Borden, who achieved office because of his success in defeating Reciprocity, has, too, changed his mind. Almost the last official act of his career as prime minister was the passing of an act providing for the establishment of a Canadian minister plenipotentiary at Washington—and that in the face of serious objection on the part of British ministers. Verily times change and men change with them!

Reciprocity was defeated in 1911, not on the economic merits of the opposing arguments, but largely by reason of specious propaganda and deliberate appeals to prejudice. While the Conservative party is still apparently unconvinced of the economic value of Reciprocity, its leaders have at least learned, as has been shown, that the most cordial relations between Canada and the United States are highly desirable.

Canada is a young country; her national existence began after the "industrial revolution" had been pretty well consummated. Canada emerged at a time when Great Britain, Germany and the United States were well into the period of great commercial expansion that ended with—and was largely responsible for bringing on—the Great War. It is perhaps natural that Canadian statesmen should have been blinded by the false gods of industrial development, and should have followed a policy of encouragement to manufactures by the imposition of a high customs tariff. This, of course, resulted in a corresponding discrimination against the basic industries of the country—agriculture, lumbering, mining and the fisheries.

Thus, naturally, the whole business course of Canada has been forced into artificial channels. It is significant that, before the abolition of titles in Canada, it was nearly always the successful manufacturer, the successful promoter of joint-stock companies, the organizers of mergers, who were selected for honors—save, of course, those persons who were rewarded for political reasons. But it is noteworthy that no farmer was so recognized—yet agriculture is to all other industries in Canada as the sun is to the moon!

Centralization has become the rule in the Dominion perhaps to a greater degree than anywhere else. One reason is to be found in the system of chartered banks. The whole financial system of Canada is controlled by a score of giant corporations having their headquarters in Toronto or Montreal with branches in every city or town throughout the Dominion. There is no such thing as a private bank. The directors of these great banking corporations nearly all live in the east; the same men control also the large manufacturing concerns, the large trust companies and insurance companies by means of closely interlocking directorates. The power which these few individuals wield is such that for years they were able to dictate the policy of successive governments at Ottawa. They were responsible for an era of overstimulated urban growth and development; immigrants were invited from every country in the world to supply cheap labor for protected industries and to congest already overgrown cities and towns. Agriculture and the other industries based upon the natural resources of the country might get along as best they could:—that is to say the *primary* stages of the natural industries: the manufacturing stages were protected. In addition, the men who directed the large corporations and manufacturing enterprises also controlled the railways, the cold storage plants and the elevators: they could take their toll from the producer at their leisure.

These were the conditions which brought about the uprising of the farmer and brought about, also, his "class-consciousness"—to use a term much employed by his political opponents.

Only the war saved the Borden administration from the fury of the electors, already beginning to realize how they had been duped in 1911; the formation of Union government in 1917—more a political necessity than a war-measure—staved off the evil day for a further period; but in June, 1919, Mr. T. A. Crerar, leader of the organized farmers, resigned from the government, in which he had been Minister of Agriculture, and, on the fiscal policy, threw down the gauntlet to his late associates. Sir Robert Borden had exhausted all

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his expedients and, in July, 1920, resigned the premiership. The party, however, could still legally—if hardly morally—retain office until March, 1923. No one had any illusions in regard to the results of a general election if brought on immediately—even the most enthusiastic government supporter could see nothing but overwhelming defeat. In the hope that time and a new leader—even a new name—(the name "National Liberal and Conservative party" was adopted) might work changes in their favor, it was decided by the party managers to "carry on." Mr. Arthur Meighen became premier and an aggressive policy of party organization was inaugurated. It was hoped that the strength of the farmers' movement might become dissipated before the fateful day should come around when it would be no longer possible to defer the holding of an election. There was also hope that by some means or other the agrarian leaders might be discredited or otherwise eliminated. That the latter was tried is evidenced by the abortive attempt to conduct an "inquiry" into the grain trade recently made by the government and checkmated in the courts by the United Grain Growers, Limited, the great farmers' organization of which Mr. Crerar is president.

All hopes were vain; all schemes have failed. In spite of Mr. Meighen's personal intellectual gifts, his perseverance and political ruthlessness, the government has steadily lost ground. Several by-elections have been held in the past year and the government has lost every one in which the issue was at all significant.

The most outstanding instance is the by-election just held in Medicine Hat, Alberta. In 1917, the Honorable Arthur L. Sifton was elected in Medicine Hat as a member of the government by a large majority. His death early in the present year made the by-election necessary. The Liberals wisely refrained from placing a candidate in the field, so the contest was a straight fight between the government and the organized farmers, now known as the National Progressive party.

The government selected as its standard bearer Colonel Nelson Spencer, a veteran of the Great War, a former mayor of Medicine Hat and also twice member for Medicine Hat in the provincial legislature. Apparently the government candidate was persona grata with the people of that district. If he should fall it must be on other than personal grounds. The National Progressives nominated Robert Gardiner, a grain-grower previously unknown politically.

The campaign was fought with great vigor on both sides. The government had much at stake because Mr. Meighen has attempted to justify his retention of office by the assertion that he represents a majority of the people. Thus Medicine Hat would be a good place to test the popularity of the government's standing with the country. If the government could win Medicine Hat, it could reasonably hope to win anywhere: if beaten by a small majority the situation would still be encouraging and the defeat could be justified on the ground of the constituency's being a well-known stronghold of agrarianism. The major issue was of course the fiscal policy of the government—Protection. The registered voters numbered about 15,000, of whom about 4,000 were urban. It was hoped that the latter would support the government's candidate in such numbers as to overcome the lead which, it was conceded, the agrarian candidate would secure in the country polls. In opposition to protection the National Progressives advocate a general reduction of the customs tariff, increase in the British preference and Reciprocity with the United States.

Polling took place on June 27th. At the time of writing the votes had not all been counted, but Gardiner's majority was over the 9,000 mark! The government candidate lost his deposit and was beaten in the city as well as in the rural polls. It was a most crushing and unmistakable defeat.

In sending his congratulations to the victor, Mr. Crerar wired: "What Medicine Hat said yesterday, Canada will say when it gets the opportunity"'—and there is none so foolish as to say him nay.

Medicine Hat is a milestone in the fiscal emancipation of the Canadian people; it means that the next government, whether composed of National Progressives, of Liberals, or of both, will be pledged to bring about a lessening of the tariff burdens which weigh upon the people; it means that the Canadian people are no longer content to lie supinely quiescent in the clutch of grasping financial corporations; it is also susceptible of a much wider interpretation—it means that Canada is prepared to play the rôle of interpreter between Great Britain and the United States such as suggested by Sir Auckland Geddes; it means that English-speaking solidarity, the greatest hope for the future, may become a possibility; but it also means that Canada shall henceforth be known as a North American Power, rather than a mere colony of an European empire as heretofore.

These may seem, at first thought, to be over-extravagant inferences to draw from a simple by-election in Medicine Hat, but if the crusading spirit shown there persists, all things are possible —and Canada's brightest hope lies in the thought that it will.

D. M. Le Bourdais.

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Private Life for Children

RESPONSIBILITY seems to be the present watchword for the ordinary child—young child. He puts his small shoulder to the wheel of progress early. The war—everyone knows how many things the war started. It awakened educators (and some others) to certain basic needs of the plastic mind; it also showed the simple usefulness of children when they are consecrated to a cause. During the war children learned speeches and were hoisted up on platforms and automobile trucks to deliver them, on behalf of the Red Cross, the Junior Red Cross, the Liberty Loans, War Savings Stamps; they helped to distribute buttons, circulars, pledges; they wrote essays and won prizes, for themselves and for their schools; and so willingly did they work, so apt were they in memorizing slogans, so touching was the effect of their piping trebles and so novel the appeal of their literary efforts, that the field for children's patriotic, social, and even cultural work was at last fairly thrown open.

Now they are massed for action; and their stirring efforts are proceeding by leaps and bounds. An enterprising firm will offer handsome flags as first, second, and other prizes to the schools which assemble the largest number of children and march them in parade. School after school turns out; some thousands of children march—for school, for flag, for Sveltenheim & Co. The American Legion has its turn, both in educating the children and in making them ardent little subservers of an American cause. A mass meeting is to be held, and the children—in school-time; what more appropriate?—write out each one a little quota of announcements on slips of paper; after hours, they peddle these in their respective neighborhoods.

Such efforts are in a way special; but steadier, broader, more far-reaching work is also undertaken. In the interests of the Americanization movement children now watch at the polls and tag voters with little celluloid ornaments which proclaim, "I am an American. I voted." These tags are quickly begged and collected from the rewarded citizens by other children, who, amassing them in sufficient numbers, win prizes for their schools, flags and other articles offered by Americanization societies or by firms with an aptitude for righteous publicity. Children speak at Americanization meetings; they are taught to seek out the foreigner, to seek out anybody, and learn whether he is doing his American duty in the matter of voting and citizenship; and prizes are offered for little essays in which they record their achievements.

Nearly all of these essays have an evangelistic, even pietistic, touch. Note the confidence (slightly smug) with which these young people embark upon the tasks of conversion. A twelve year old boy writes: "We were told in school April 3rd to try to get all the people to vote. The next day as I was coming home from school, I met a queer looking old man. I stopped and said to him, 'Please, sir, do you expect to vote today?' He looked at me and said in a rude, rough voice, 'No.' I said, 'Are you a citizen of the United States?' 'Yes,' he answered. So I said to him, 'Do you not know that it is every man's and woman's duty as a citizen of the United States to vote?' Finally he said, 'Well, I'll see, and if I get time, I'll go to the polls and vote.' 'Thank you, sir, and good-by.' As I went on, I met another man, and I inquired, 'Please, sir, do you expect to vote today?' 'Yes, my boy, I am going there now.' This was just what I wanted, and with a 'thank you, sir' I went on."

A little girl of eleven was unflinching, and quite aware of the fact: "As I was walking home the other night, I asked a lady if she voted. She said, 'Why, I did not know we had to vote.' I said, 'Are you a citizen of America?' She said, 'No, I am not.' 'I asked her, 'How long have you been in America?' She said, 'Five years.' I said, 'You ought to be a citizen. You have been here long enough.' And others, when I ask them to vote or be an American citizen, they say, 'Shut up' or 'Mind your own business.' But I am not a girl that gets frightened easily. I talk a little with them, and give them different ideas. Sometimes I get them to be citizens and sometimes I can't."

Patriotic causes are not the only ones in which children are enlisted. Under the aegis of certain large organizations they are stimulated to rake leaves, can fruit and vegetables, run errands, visit the sick; indeed there is an exact list of approved useful or noble acts which they are led to perform —for prizes. Children support the arts; they cultivate civic virtues. Soon, doubtless, there will be a Children's Chamber of Commerce in every progressive city, teaching the young the elements of organized business. For the present there are thriving Junior Art Leagues, Music Leagues, Drama Leagues, City Planning Leagues, Thrift Clubs, into which throngs of children are corralled by the class or by the school; almost all children are assured of membership in at least three or four organizations. By their numbers and their dimes they further somebody's favorite cause; they are herded to meetings where they pick up snatches of ideas and learn a few formulae. Also they acquire buttons; they engage in competitions and receive suitable rewards, or at least publicity.

In the matter of health the methods of simple instruction have been pretty much abandoned for

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the more stirring appeal of the crusade, with its massed action and attendant honors. A whole series of physical habits has been enumerated, such as bathing, periodic water-drinking, tooth-brushing, face-and-hands washing, sleeping with the window open. Each child is presented with a score card by his teacher upon which marks for the performance of each sanative act may be recorded; and reports are usually sung or shouted out in school each morning. Upon the acquirement of so many marks a child becomes a squire, then a knight, then a knight-banneret, and finally he obtains the inevitable button. Certain experts even move up to a Round Table, though what they do when they get there I don't know. Then, at suitable intervals, Names are Written on the Blackboard, and Gold Stars are affixed thereto. A slight confusion of values seems to be engendered by the method of scores. A small girl was asked (at home) whether she had washed her hands before going to bed. "No," she replied smoothly. "I drank a glass of water instead."

When the school and the outside organizations have done their utmost to improve or use the assembled child, then the family, particularly the mother, has her innings—if she can afford it. Her great object is culture, intensive culture. You may think that this would be an individual affair, that it would have quite simply to do with the child's special aptitudes, his talents, even his tastes. If this is your opinion, you don't know the ambitious American Mother and you are unaware that culture may be, possibly just now most often is, an affair of social competition. Certain acquisitions are standard. "I want my child to *have* these things," says the American Mother; and she puts him or her through the paces of music-lessons, harmony, drawing lessons, aesthetic dancing, folk-dancing, dramatic art, organized play, folk-games, all done rather expensively in special groups. Sometimes one hears a defeated maternal wail, "I just can't get him to do it." But soon the attack begins in another quarter. The time of many children outside of school is so thoroughly filled that it becomes an ingenious task to arrange appointments with the necessary dentist. One family of children of my acquaintance, ranging from seven to fourteen, is valiantly striking for a free Saturday (naturally not in the interest of their dentist) but so far with only occasional, accidental success. Recently a group of young friends, all about twelve or thirteen, unanimously combatted an attempt to steer them into a course in folk-music. When approached, each uncompromisingly said no on the instant; there might have been subtle telepathic communication among them, or a preliminary plan; but perhaps it was only the well-known effect of the last straw. In any case the boycott was complete, and the embattled mothers, without a single willing child to point to, gave it up.

Such victories are sporadic, however, among children up to the ages of twelve, thirteen, or fourteen. After that the cultured and responsible worm—even the rewarded—is likely to turn. Indeed it seems decisively to have turned, this past winter. The outburst of gay and sophisticated independence on the part of high school children in many places throughout the Middle West and apparently elsewhere may very well be an effect of reaction, a healthy impulse to bolt. It seems also, in part, the simple fruit of the tree. Parents have desperately feared solitude for their children; they have kept them forever in process of socialization, forever occupied. Well, their offspring in the first flush of adolescent energy have taken the cue; they exist in noisy droves. Also, with an ease born of long training, they have readily seized upon the more vivid ready-made standards, of manners, lack of manners, dress, coiffure, eyebrows, attitudes toward people and school and life; and they cling to these with all the fervor and fanatical tenacity of youth when enlisted in a common cause.

They have seemed to be rather distinctly out of hand; and after grave parents' and teachers' meetings they have been putting it on thicker than ever —not only the make-up but the conduct. At a small party, when remonstrated with for cheek-to-cheek dancing, a young girl answered with a smiling, tolerant drawl, "But it's such a support, you know. We really *can't* dance the old fashioned way. We get too awfully tired!" The witticism became current. Since an issue has been made there has been a flare-up of exotic dancing; the boys mention hip-flasks with a casual ostentation. The solidarity of these young people is amazing; and considering the volume of their effort and the extent of their example there is no telling what they may not accomplish in the way of revision of standards upward and downward in the age scale. In the fluid Middle West, at least, these things develop rapidly; movements are movements. Everyone knows that the older flappers have been keeping a stimulated eye upon those of middle youth. Now there are signs that children of sub-high-school age and below it are beginning to copy certain obvious patterns. I have seen no plucked eyebrows on children below the age of fourteen; but in more general matters of dress, manners, social technique there have been appearing certain obvious changes among the very young. "Isn't that a *pretty* little girl," said an encouraging grandmother to a neat, cherubic infant of seven. "She would be," he replied with quiet condescension, "if she did her hair well." On a hot spring day a

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little girl who was playing out of doors was asked why she wore a hat. "Well, I'm a blonde," she said airily, "and blondes fade early."

There is one further campaign which these young leaders might profitably initiate, and that is against the vocationalism which seeks to mortgage their futures. When in tender years they are asked to write a little piece explaining what they intend to do and be when they grow up, they might concertedly propose: "I don't want to do anything, I don't care for any work, I don't wish for a profession, I want to be idle, I'm going to mope around alone." But nothing of the kind will happen. For one thing the quaint idea of doing things alone has never occurred to them. How could it? For the rest, the teacher will map it all out, the sorts of things they will be and do, in a coaxing preliminary talk. A little later, when asked to choose their high school courses with the purpose of becoming this, that, or the other thing by a direct line, they might break through and choose the courses—if any—which they merely like. But they will hear an educator address them in this fashion: "Don't be singular! Fall in with the crowd (wide, embracing gesture), be a good fellow (sidewise gesture). Choose your line early and stick to it! (Clenched fist.) Get a profession, a trade, a *calling;* know what you're going to do in life and do it—then *be* a mixer! (rest.)"

They will probably listen tolerantly; they will have heard the elements of this philosophy many times before. But tolerant or frankly bored, they certainly will not be singular. With their neat tags of opinion, their habits those of lively sheep on the run, their public ways of living, they are in a fair way to produce that homogeneous nation which is the dream of many of our patrioteers. They are perfectly assured, if rather restless. Perhaps they are the only ones who *are* assured. The teachers—there probably never was a time when teachers were so uncertain; as a substitute for faith they are heaping up works, with the result that the usual school curriculum is a peddler's pack. The parents appear often a good deal bewildered; there are so many inviting areas for cultivation; the bringing up of children becomes a matter unbelievably intricate. And if their children have been caught in the current revels, their elders are rather more than bewildered; they are anxious. But the children themselves, with their perennial energy and curiosity, run (in crowds) expertly into one blind alley and out again and into another, picking up all the silly little slogans and rewards, following a lead or taking it, and leaving their youth behind them.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

Mumbling the Railroads

PRESIDENT HARDING has discovered the key-log to the jam of unnormalcy. To "inaugurate" a "far-reaching revival," the effects of which "will be felt in varied industries and will banish to a large degree the depression which . . . we are all so anxious to see ended,"—to do all this, he says, it is necessary only for the government to fulfill its obligations to the railroads.

So that was the trouble all the time! By all means let us fulfill our obligations to the railroads. We should do it in any case. That it shall be for our own sake as well as theirs is nothing. Yet we cannot pretend not to think of it. What are these obligations?

"There is nothing new about them," he says. They are two, namely: first, that the accounts between the government and the railroads shall be settled quickly; second, that what the railroads owe the government shall be funded.

How simple! Great ideas are. The key-log when you find it is a thing that might have bitten you. To settle promptly is good rotarian business for everybody else; therefore it must be good for the government. And as for permitting the railroads to *fund* what they owe the government, why not? We understand that. A funding operation means that you convert a pressing current debt into a long term loan. If you undertake to build a house out of your own pocket and it costs a great deal more than you expect, so that you run out of money and the carpenter, painter, decorator and material men wait for you every morning at the station with their bills, what do you do? Why, you fund your debts. That is, you put a ten-year mortgage on the new house at six per cent. With the proceeds of the mortgage you pay everybody off and have nothing more to worry about.

If that is what the railroads want to do, what possible objection can be raised? They owe the government 750 or 800 millions for physical improvements added to them during the twenty-six months of federal control. They cannot pay this sum now, perhaps, nor pay it ever all at once. That being the case, if it is, it seems quite proper that they should fund the debt, that is, give the

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government a ten-year mortgage at six per cent in the form of securities. Moreover, says Mr. Harding, this solution has been contemplated from the beginning, for the Transportation act under which the railroads were returned to private ownership,—

> provided that such sums as the railroad companies owed the government for betterments and new equipment added during the period of government operation might be funded.

There is nothing new, you see. "There is no thought," says the President, "to ask Congress for additional funds." There is only the thought, in the form of a request, that Congress shall—

> extend the authority of the War Finance Corporation so that it may purchase these railway funding securities accepted by the Director General of the Railroads. No added expense, no added investment is required on the part of the government, there is no added liability, no added tax burden. It is merely the grant of authority necessary to enable a most useful and efficient government agency to use its available funds to purchase securities for which Congress already has authorized the issue and turn them into the channels of finance ready to float them.

This paragraph of the President's message suddenly and amazingly transforms the aspect of the government's obligation to the railroads. It contains the magic. It will be a relief to those who have been thinking themselves blockheads because they could not see how a funding of the railroads' debt to the government was going to fill their treasuries with cash, as Wall Street expects, or start a "far-reaching revival," or "banish to a large degree the depression which . . . we are all so anxious to see ended." The Director General of Railroads said the funding of the railroads' indebtedness to the government would enable them "to expend this amount of money in much needed rehabilitation," etc., and pay their over-due bills, "estimated at 300 millions," and immediately re-employ "at least 200,000 workmen."

We couldn't see any of that.

How would the railroads, by giving the government a ten-year mortgage at six per cent for a sum they couldn't pay, become possessed of vast new sums of money to spend?

All of that now is cleared up. For this is to be a funding unique. Unable to pay the government for 750 to 800 million dollars' worth of war-time additions and improvements the railroads will issue ten-year six per cent securities to represent them. So far that is a funding operation. Then the government, through the War Finance Corporation, will "purchase these railway funding securities," and the railroads will get the money.

That is to say, the railroads will borrow from the government what they owe the government and by this means derive the funds they need to pay their coal bills and repair their tracks.

Where will the government get the money to pay the railroads what the railroads owe it?

"Perhaps 500 millions will be necessary," the President says. But he hastens to add that the funds are available. The War Finance Corporation has them. If it hasn't it knows how to borrow them in the "channels of finance." And because the funds are available,—narcotic word!—they cost nothing, precisely nothing. No added expense. No added tax burden. No added investment. Nothing at all. Five hundred millions, perhaps, or more, to come out of nobody from nowhere and banish depression!

There is no paradox here. There is only confusion. It arises partly from the omission of an imponderable yet very important fact, which is that the government is temporizing, perhaps fatally, with an enormous existing investment of public money in railroads. The rest of it is owing to that unctuous manner in which the railroads' case is always represented.

It is true, as the President says, that the Transportation act did provide for the funding of the railroads' indebtedness to the government on account of additions and improvements. What the President does not say is that the act contemplated the funding of the railroads' *net* indebtedness only. One little word makes a great difference. The President glances at the fact obliquely, saying:

> Indeed, it [funding] has been in progress to a measurable degree ever since the return of the railroads to their owners. It has been limited, however, to such cases as those in which final settlements with the Railway Administration [that is, the governmnt] have been effected.

Congress meant it to be limited to such cases as those.

When the railroads were returned to their private owners on March 1, 1920, the United States Railroad Administration reported to Congress that as accounts then stood the government owed the railroads 1,476 millions and the railroads owed the government 1,677 millions. But from the 1,476 millions owed by the government to the railroads there was to be deducted 815 millions representing physical additions and improvements made during the period of Federal control, so that in the final settlement the government would have to pay the railroads only 661 million, which is 1,476 millions less 815 millions. That would leave the railroads owing the government a little more than one billion *net*.

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And that is what Congress meant to be funded. It meant that when what the railroads owed the government for additions and improvements had been deducted from what the government owed the railroads on all accounts, the balance owing by the railroads to the government should be funded. The government would take a ten-year six per cent mortgage for it—for the railroads' *net* indebtedness.

But the United States Railroad Administration was optimistic. The railroads had not been heard from. They began to write up claims for damage, wear and tear, under-maintenance, heaven knows what, coming at last with an indeterminate claim for under-maintenance based on the assertion that the labor with which the government kept the railroads in repair was "inefficient," therefore had cost more than it should.

If these after-claims had been allowed, all that net indebtedness of the railroads to the government would have been wiped out. There would have been nothing left to fund. But they were not allowed. The United States Railroad Administration called them indefinite and speculative. Their padded character may be guessed from the fact that claims amounting to 225 millions have already been settled for 68 millions, which is about thirty cents on the dollar.

The railroads insisting on these claims and the Railroad Administration refusing to allow them, an impasse came. Settlements were impossible. Then the railroads said to the government:

"See here. It is true that we owe you, let us say, 750 millions for additions and improvements. It is true also that the government owes us a great deal of money, some of it admitted, some of it in dispute because we can't agree on the figures. Now, let's treat these two things separately,—your debt to us and our debt to you. We will issue six per cent mortgage securities to represent our debt to you. Then you sell those securities for cash,—sell them to the War Finance Corporation and through it to private banks and investors. With the proceeds you can pay us what you owe us. You will be paid and we shall have been paid and the land may enjoy prosperity again."

Well, that is the plan. It is the proposal Mr. Harding sent to Congress last week. And it is called funding the railroads' indebtedness to the government. We only insist that it shall be precisely defined. It is a proposal to pledge the power and credit of the government to perform a colossal banking act for the railroads. The government takes the risk.

The President says:

> Quite apart from the large sums of money owing to the government, which we are morally and legally bound to fund, the government admittedly owes the railway companies large sums on various accounts, such as compensation, depreciation and maintenance.

Why quite apart? According to the Transportation act they were to be treated not quite apart but together. Secondly, we are not morally and legally bound to fund the large sums owing the government from the railroads, but only their net indebtedness, that is, a sum to be determined by deducting the government's debt to the railroads from the railroads' debt to the government.

If you ask: "Why shouldn't one large sum cancel the other large sum, leaving only the net difference to be settled and funded in the common way of business?" the answer is: "Because, stupid, if that were done the railroads would not get from the government and through the government an enormous sum of new money, perhaps 500 millions, perhaps a good deal more."

The fact is this: Under the guise of a funding operation, and for the ostensible purpose of restoring normalcy by one stroke, the government becomes banker to the railroads on a vast scale. Wall Street has abandoned that function. It promotes the shares of candy, chewing gum, safety razor, chain store and piggly-wiggly corporations, and leaves the railroads to the government.

This outcome has been inevitable ever since the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1914 raised railroad rates as a matter of public policy, simply because the carriers needed the money. That made railroad capital sacred, immune, exempt and quasi-public. The government's rate making power was put behind it. The results of federal control during the war did not alter the natural course of events. They only foreshortened the realities. Since then, always on the ground of public policy, rates have been raised until they cannot be put any higher without stopping traffic. Still the railroads are poor and it is up to the government to keep them in funds.

The railroads seem to like it. They clamor for the money. It is easy. Since the railroads were returned by the government on March 1, 1920, they have had more than a billion of public money in the form of loans, deferred interest and guarantees against a fall of earnings below a certain point in the first six months of private operations. Now they are to get one-half to three-quarters of a billion more, in "fulfillment of our obligations" to them, says Mr. Harding.

But they might remember that if the railroad business is insolvent, as they keep saying it is, then it is only a matter of time until the banker who keeps it going will have to take it over. The banker is the government. GARET GARRETT.

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The Sacco-Vanzetti Verdict

NICOLA SACCO and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, Italian labor organizers, were convicted at Dedham, Massachusetts, on July 14th of killing Frederick Parmenter and Alexander Berardelli, paymaster and payroll guard for the Slater and Morrill Shoe Company, at South Braintree on April 15th, 1920.

This verdict caused great surprise among persons who followed the trial, either in the courtroom or through the newspapers, which for the most part published accurate accounts of daily developments. Identification was the vital issue, and because of the wide conflict in the testimony of identification witnesses, many persons believed that the jury must either acquit the defendants or fail to reach an agreement. Even in Brockton, where the prisoners were arrested, members of the police department (which was divided on the question of innocence or guilt) made bets in the final days of the trial that there would never be a conviction.

Two strong points against the defendants were the facts that when arrested both men carried revolvers, and that they lied concerning their movements on the night of arrest. These lies were held to show consciousness of guilt.

As a rule in these days, in criminal cases the prosecutor seeks to show the radical affiliations of a defendant, if any, but curiously enough in this trial the commonwealth carefully avoided proving such affiliations. So the defense itself was compelled to prove that Sacco and Vanzetti were radicals, and to reveal their radical activities, in order to explain their actions on the night of their arrest, May 5th, three weeks after the murders. It was the counsel for the defense who brought out that the defendants were strongly opposed to the government's war policy in 1917, and that they refused to register and evaded the draft by going to Mexico, that Vanzetti was active in the Plymouth cordage strike, thus incurring the animosity of employers, that Sacco was active in the Hopedale foundry strike, and that both had contributed time, money and energy to various labor disputes.

It was shown, too, that in April, 1920, they were members of a Boston committee engaged in raising money for the defense of Andrea Salsedo and Roberto Elia, Italian printers illegally imprisoned by the Department of Justice in New York; that on the night of their arrest they were carrying out the advice of New York counsel to dispose of all radical literature in their possession so as to avoid arrest; that they had learned only a few hours before of Salsedo's fourteen-story plunge to death from his prison in the Department of Justice offices; that it was fear of being prosecuted for radical activities, fear of being compelled to give the names and addresses of their friends which led to concealment of the facts about their movements on the night of arrest.

But if the prosecution tried to avoid proving that the defendants were radicals, it admitted during the trial that at the time of their arrest the prisoners were not accused of payroll murders, but were grilled about their political ideas and their attitude toward governments. And when the trial began no juror nor spectator was ignorant as to who the defendants were. At the time of the arrests the press was filled with stories of their radical activities, and this feature was reemphasized in the press reports while the jurors were being selected, when they had not yet ceased to read newspapers. Both defendants were tried in a cage, which kept uppermost the suggestion that they were dangerous men. Many officers guarded the whole court. Every spectator was searched.

Sacco and Vanzetti carried revolvers on the night of May 5th. Many Italians carry revolvers. The crime had been committed three weeks before. Vanzetti was asked why he was armed. "It was a bad time," he said. "There was crime—many holdups." Sacco had with him the pistol he had used as night watchman for the shoe manufacturer who had employed him for years. He had planned to go shooting in the woods after work that afternoon, he said, but Vanzetti had come to emphasize the immediate necessity of concealing all radical literature in view of Salsedo's death two days before, and Sacco left home that evening forgetting in the stress that he had the pistol with him.

There was a tiny mark on the bullet which killed Berardelli, visible only with a microscope, and the prosecution contended that this mark was made by rust or fouling in Sacco's pistol. This alleged fact was the principal point on which the jury based its verdict, according to a statement made by one of the jurors afterward. Gun experts for the defense testified that the bullet positively was not fired from Sacco's revolver; this weapon was a Colt, and one of the defense experts came from the Colt factory. And Captain Charles Van Amburgh, the prosecution's gun expert, admitted on the witness stand that the mark on the bullet might have been made by any one of many guns.

But the chief dependence of the prosecution was

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upon the identification of Sacco and Vanzetti as occupants of the bandit car in which the murderers fled. Mary Eva Splaine and Frances Devlin, shoe company bookkeepers, stood in a second-story window eighty feet from the street and saw the car as it sped out of Braintree. Both had testified at Sacco's preliminary hearing in the summer of 1920, and admitted then that they were not positive that Sacco was the bandit whom they saw in the automobile. But at the trial, more than a year after the murders, they took the stand and swore positively that Sacco was the man. Miss Splaine's observations were made while the bandit-car was traveling thirty-five feet at a rate of at least eighteen miles an hour. This means that she saw the bandit for only one and one-third seconds. Yet she was able to describe him minutely.

Miss Splaine admitted that when she visited state police headquarters in Boston shortly after the crime, she identified one of several photographs shown her as that of the automobile bandit. Later she learned that the man in the photograph was in Sing Sing prison.

Hans Behrsin, another prosecution witness, sat in an automobile in front of the building in which Miss Splaine stood. He was only ten feet from the car as it passed, and had a clear view of the man leaning out of it. But he could not identify either defendant as that man. Behrsin is chauffeur for one of the members of the robbed shoe company. Frank Burke, lecturer, also stood within ten feet of the fleeing robbers' car, on the same side of the street as the two women and Behrsin. He testified for the defense. The leaning bandit pointed a gun at him and snapped the trigger, but the gun didn't explode. Burke described two men in the car. He did not see either defendant in it, he declared.

Mike Levangie, a crossing tender, identified Vanzetti as the driver of the bandit's car. But Edward Carter, a worker for the shoe corporation which was robbed, testified that Levangie told him on the day of the crime that the driver was "light-complected." Vanzetti is dark. Henry McCarthy, a locomotive fireman, testified that Levangie told him a few minutes after the shooting that he didn't get a look at the bandits, because he was so scared that he ran for cover.

Mrs. Lola Andrews—a waitress, a practical nurse, and a shoe-worker—testified that she spoke to a man who was under an automobile near the Slater and Morrill factory on the morning of the crime, and asked him how to get into the factory. She identified Sacco as that man. But Mrs. Julia Campbell, who was with her, swore that Mrs. Andrews did not speak to any man on that occasion, and that the inquiry about entering the factory was actually uttered not by Mrs. Andrews but by Mrs. Campbell herself, and was addressed not to the man under the car but to another man standing behind the automobile. Other witnesses, Policeman George Fay, Alfred LaBarcque, a newspaperman, and Harry Kurlansky, a tailor, testified that Mrs. Andrews told them in February that she couldn't identify any bandit suspects because she didn't see the faces of any men at Braintree.

Numerous witnesses corroborated the claims of the defendants that they were miles away from Braintree on the day of the crime. They testified to meeting and talking with Sacco in Boston, and with Vanzetti in Plymouth. There was a volume of testimony to show that Sacco went to Boston to arrange for passports to Italy. One witness, Giuseppe Adrower, formerly a clerk in the Boston Italian consulate, gave his testimony before the American consul-general in Rome, taking oath that he talked with Sacco in the consulate on April 15th within an hour of the crime, and that the photograph Sacco brought was too large for passport purposes. One man declared he sold a piece of suiting to Vanzetti in Plymouth that day; others said that they bought fish of him; another talked with him while painting a boat. Some of the alibi witnesses were Italians, one was a Jew, but others were New England Americans. Disbelief in the testimony of the Italians was expressed by one juror after the verdict; he said "the rest of the jurors felt that the Italians would stick together no matter what happened."

Various disinterested persons have expressed surprise at Judge Webster Thayer's instructions to the jury. He pleaded for "loyalty to government," he talked about "consciousness of guilt as murderers or as slackers and radicals," and admonished the jury to "seek courage in your deliberations as did the American soldier boy as he fought and gave up his life on the battlefields of France." These persons contend that such instructions were not appropriate to the actual issues involved, but were calculated to injure the defendants in the minds of the jury.

Motions for a new trial have been filed, and on November 1st a bill of exceptions alleging numerous errors in the court procedure will be submitted. The Supreme Court will pass upon the appeal within the next few months. Meanwhile the defense committee in Boston is sending to working class and liberal groups and individuals requests for money to cover the expense of the big fight ahead. Literature concerning the case is being spread broadcast in the United States, and a committee in Rome is giving wide publicity to the fight in Italy.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL.

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Books and Things

LAST night, when we were sitting on the porch after dinner, in a good deal of darkness and a little moonlight, somebody happened to mention Albert Spurr, whose name led us, without any transition, to the subject of bores in general. Our standard was high, it appeared, for we all agreed that a bore should be defined as a person who bored all of the people all the time. No one present was heard to say that Albert Spurr could not qualify, that here a little, or there a little less, he failed to satisfy this idea of what a bore should be. The perfect bore was further described, by common consent, as one who combined in voice in which no sentence could be interesting with such a practice of total recall as no voice, however divine, could make endurable.

Beyond this point, however, there was no common consent, so after a few vain essays in generalization we took turns at telling what kind of person had bored us most of all. One of us had once had a Cousin Myra, who never said anything until the talk turned upon the preserving of fruit, when she would grow animated, say many things three times, fall silent at last, and then sit in a state of visibly dwindling hope that her one topic would come once more within hail. It was less her speech than the disheartening vacuity of her silences that entitled Cousin Myra to rank high. Our hostess confessed to an Uncle Joel whose qualifications, very different though they were, looked equally satisfactory. Uncle Joel had spent a life-time in acquiring information for the single purpose of imparting it. Seldom did he fall so far below his highest self as obviously to direct the conversation. On his most fortunate days he never appeared to drag a single topic from its lair. "You mentioned the Caspian just now," he would say to somebody who really had mentioned it. "Are you aware that in Derbent, the year before last, a document was discovered which while falling short of conclusive proof does indicate that the salt which the Caspian Sea holds in solution, instead of being a mere one-and-one-half per cent, as at present, amounted, at a date still to be ascertained, to . . ." Of his many cruel and usual openings perhaps the most usual was: "The reason for that is this."

Uncle Joel and Cousin Myra set us generalizing again, started us off on a hunt for their greatest common denominator, which somebody thought he had found in the fact that the behavior of each could be predicted. What she would say about the art of preserving fruit could be predicted in detail by any of her acquaintance. Uncle Joel's pretexts could not be foreseen, nor the information any of them would touch off, but you could be certain of his manifest pleasure in soon finding a pretext for inflicting what he ought to have recognized as pain. "Predictableness, rigidity, automatism," so the man who had the floor went on to say, "aren't these things, in the perception of which Bergson finds the explanation of our sense of the comic, don't these things, when they come in shapes that don't make us laugh, account for our feeling of boredom?"

On my way home I tried to think about this remark, to test it by bores whom I had met and whom it didn't altogether explain. I remembered a man who wasn't a real bore, who didn't even succeed in boring some of the people all of the time, but whose company I always avoided for months after his return from a journey. He had a good eye for the lie of the land, a good eye for character, yet I always fought shy of him until his narrative impulse was spent. By this timidity I missed a good deal of entertainment, but I also escaped—what was it exactly that I was so glad to escape? Wasn't it perhaps nothing more than exposure to his will to talk? No, not quite, for I can often bear a manifestation of the impulse to talk when I feel that this impulse was given to the talker by contact with the persons who happen to be present. It is the impulse which pre-exists in a man, the craving which he carries about with him when he is alone, the will to talk which he brings ready-made into the room with him, and which must have its way, no matter who is there or what the company's mood—this is the will, this the craving, this the impulse under which we feel our hearts bowed down and our knees enfeebled and salt tears crawling wearily down each cheek. But am I not back again at the explanation I rejected, at automatism, at inflexibility, at conduct which pays no attention, or not enough, to circumstances?

When I bore myself it is often by the distressingly predictable and automatic way in which my mind is working. It starts from a point A, and at once I am conscious that unless I take immediate action it will proceed via M and S to X—same old M, same old S, same old X. And behold, before I can determine how this calamity shall be prevented, the calamity has occurred, and I see what I foresaw. Or else, upon seeing, hearing, smelling something, I find I am saying to myself precisely what I was afraid I should say. Automatism again.

Once upon a time I believed what I had been taught, namely, that anyone is likely to be a bore who prides himself on the facility and intensity with which people bore him. There is no such rule. The exceptions to it are as many as to the rule that nobody who has a sense of humor ever says he has. Believers in such rules are merely illustrations of the will to believe. Their mental process resembles that of Flaubert's critic, who thought he had annihilated him by saying that it was bourgeois to be as consumed as Flaubert was with hatred of the bourgeois.

We do well, however, to mistrust the good sense of people who like to think they are more easily bored than the rest of us. That such a notion, well or ill grounded, gives them a feeling of superiority, or shall we say of self-respect, is of course not the most valid objection to it. The source of our mistrust of such people is a conviction that there are pleasanter ways of dealing with bores than by dwelling on the exquisiteness of our pain in their presence. There is, for example, the frustrater's way. It is a lively and need not be an unkindly exercise to do one's utmost to keep a man from ever reaching the anecdote toward which he has plainly begun to move. Bagehot at one of Crabbe Robinson's breakfasts is the classic instance of the kindly frustrater at work.

But the easiest way is, of course, the collector's, the classifier's. Brown is an example of total recall—let us study him as such. Jones is an autobiographer—let's see to how slight a pressure he will respond how copiously. Robinson is not a bore, as somebody said last night, if you regard him as a bore in a novel by Miss Austen. Swap your fear that Smith will behave himself automatically for hope that he will behave himself hyperultrasuperautomatically, and you may find yourself seeking Smith's society. The pastime has its drawbacks, to be sure. Long practice may make you so familiar with the classifier's feelings that you will detect them, suddenly, on the face of some woman to whom you are talking your best.

P. L.

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The Return of the Pilgrim

THESE are the days of commemorations and centenaries, first, second, third and fourth. Columbus so far has had a monopoly of the last digit, but we are in the thick of the threes and it is only natural that 1920—or 1921, in the tardy manner of such ponderous occasions—has been used as tercentennial pretext to summon the Pilgrim from his venerably documented past and to make him live again as symbol for today of his courageous and questing spirit. It is only natural, too, that Plymouth, rambling and immaculate after the manner of New England, should be the scene of the most ambitious of the numerous celebrations in which the nation the Pilgrims fostered is indulging.

Maybe it isn't so congruous that the ritual by Rock of Plymouth has taken one of the forms of drama, the pageant. The Pilgrims, at least in their rôle of Puritans, put a ban on the drama along with all other display and pastime. But it wasn't for the sake of the Forefathers that George Pierce Baker wrote and directed The Pilgrim Spirit and that the State of Massachusetts and the Towns of Plymouth, Duxbury and Marshfield have cooperated to bring it to life in a series of midsummer performances in the new state reservation beside the Rock. The pageant master, his various directors, the collaborating poets and composers and their assisting and interpreting hundreds have all addressed themselves to the men and minds of today, and the readiest path to those minds is through the eye and ear by way of drama.

Then, too, contrary to the practice of too many of the contemporary celebrants of Mayflower memories, Plymouth has chosen to extol its forbears as Pilgrims rather than as Puritans. Puritans they were, to their greater honor as sincere and dauntless defenders of their inborn faith, but that faith, though impelling their voyage, was incidental to it. Puritans like themselves were their comrades who remained irresolute in England and Holland. But Plymouth has preferred to remember its founders simply as Pilgrims to a strange and difficult shore who had the pluck and self-denial to risk everything for their faith, whatever that faith might be.

And so it is that Edwin Arlington Robinson has put these lines in The Pilgrims' Chorus, sung on the eve of departure for America:

"We have seen the fire of God as once it fell for men before us,
And we follow, knowing only that old things have passed away.

. . .

"And though God may leave our reaping unto others who come after,
He has called us, and we follow, to the new and the unknown."

Likewise these lines from Professor Baker's own pen, spoken by the Voice from the Rock:

"These artisan-farmers, these Pilgrims . . . .
Taught the newcomer
Gain must be theirs
At the price of their labor;
Punished the traitor,
Yet pitied the culprit.
This is your heritage,
All you Americans.
Do ye maintain it?"

And in the finale, The Return of the Pilgrims, by Robert Frost, inheres the spirit of Plymouth's present venture as well as the meaning it sees in its own past:

"Your hope of landing was your gift to men.
As freely of it as was yours to give
You gave it to us to be ours to hope again,
And hope forever to be free and live.

"No ship at all that under sail or steam
Have gathered races to us more and more
But, Pilgrim-manned, the Mayflower in a dream
Has been their anxious convoy to the shore."

Aside from these implications of The Pilgrim Spirit, which as usual will be admitted or ignored or distorted in accordance with the preconceptions and prejudices of those who sit looking out to see toward the Gurnet, Plymouth's spectacle is interesting for the opportunity it affords for reappraisal of the form and function of the pageant as modern illuminating engineering has enlarged its scope. Its twenty-four diversified scenes—ranging from the landing of the Vikings to a prophetic finale, and building up to climax and unity by choice of pertinent episodes from the Pilgrim narrative and emphasis on the outstanding figures of Robinson and Brewster, Carver and Bradford and Standish—are further diversified and yet compellingly unified by Munroe R. Pevear's lighting of the field, the most powerful and at the same time the most sensitive and flexible electrical equipment that has ever been used for a dramatic performance out-of-doors.

The pageant form as Professor Baker has utilized it is derived by lineal descent from the early English examples of seven and eight centuries ago. Its purpose is the reinterpretation of history by means of realistic spectacle. It is not to be confused with the conventional theatre, either indoors or out. It has meagre relation also with the symbolic pageant as practiced by Percy MacKaye, a kind of gigantic open-air mystery play. In its modern reincarnation, it has been most beholden to Louis N. Parker in England. Guided almost solely by its individual story, it has survived with a minimum of rule or technique, amounting often to little more than a procession of floats, but Parker with his training as a playwright and Baker with his experience in teaching playwriting in English 47 at Harvard are applying some of the elemental tests of the traditional indoor stage, with the result that such a spectacle as The Pilgrim Spirit has clash and contrast and climax. The new pageant master lets the story tell itself, in the words which documented history has handed down in so far as that is possible, but he watches his pattern and his continuity after the manner of the dramatist.

Sometimes, as Professor Baker found out at Plymouth, the exigency of the material ties the pageant master down to intimate and unimpressive scenes. The Pilgrims were not an imposing group after their first winter on Cole's Hill! The social function of the pageant, clashing thus with the dramatic, must be assisted by the devising of contrastingly elaborate scenes, such as the Royal Progress of King James, motivated as the wall against which the Puritan petitioners broke their heads; the March of the Dutch Cities of Charity, marking the truce which gave them temporary haven in Holland; and the finale, a conventionalized assembling of all the participants.

Besides helping himself in this way to minimize awkward but necessary moments, Professor Baker has called to his assistance nine of our composers and four of our poets. It might seem as if one of each, if the right man could have been found, would have better served the

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purposes of dramatic unity, but the pageant master thought differently and perhaps rightly, depending on his own scene sequence for unity and on his musical and poetic collaborators for the varying point and emphasis required at certain strategic intervals. His shrewd choice of assistants is evident, too, in the assignment of the costume designs to Rollo Peters, for none of our coterie of native scenic artists has a keener or surer feeling for color and color combinations than he, a gift which is particularly appropriate to the marked visual demands of the pageant.

After all, though, it is Pevear with his fifteen-hundred-watt lamps and his projectors casting a beam of but seven degrees, who has not only come to the pageant master's rescue at times when these others would have been helpless, but who has also extended the potential boundaries of the pageant, of the entire open-air drama and even, by implication, of the indoor theatre. Pevear belongs to that rare type, the engineer who is also artist. Our new theatre has need for him and his like only less than for playwrights and actors and producers to answer the challenge of our designers. His logical place is with that group of pioneers in a new stagecraft which is gathering around Arthur Hopkins, including Robert Edmond Jones, Jacob Ben-Ami and Eugene G. O'Neill.

To such a group, Pevear would not be merely servant but stimulus. The Plymouth production proves that. Professor Baker set for him a definite task. He has not only encompassed it, but has surpassed his specifications. It is as if his batteries of light were reaching out for yet more difficult and exacting employment. Whatever portion of the field the pageant master wishes illuminated, he is prepared to flood just that area with any desired degree or color of light. He saves the intimate scenes from the disaster which usually befalls them by cutting out of the night a small and sharply outlined rectangle of brilliance, for the world and all like a prison cell or a ship's cabin. At the other pole, he is ready for the spectacular scenes with a volume of light, held in controlled reserve, that recreates the impression of midday. And as expert in the use of color in illumination, a field in which his reputation has lain heretofore, he gives one brief but startling hint of ultimate possibilities in the weird, unearthly green which is the only occupant of the field in the scene of the pestilence following Thomas Hunt's ill-fated expedition.

Pevear, therefore, beckons toward a new pageant, a new drama beneath the stars of night. He banishes many of the old restrictions; he introduces a new flexibility. The realistic pageant is released both to richer and more extravagant and at the same time to even more intimate effects than it has ever known. The symbolic pageant is admitted to unsuspected opportunities for appealing to the imagination. Even the indoor theatre on the vast scale that Reinhardt has conceived may find Pevear's devices applicable to its problems.

All that is for the future, though. Plymouth's present lure lies in the sense of conviction of history reborn which its pageant provides. The impact of the past upon the present and the reaction of today in the presence of vivid memories of a far yesterday are doubly emphasized by recital on the very ground where that history was made. And there is something peculiarly fitting about this tercentenary that gives it dignity beyond the average. Commemorating the birth of Shakespeare or Goethe or anyone else is a half-hearted affair in comparison. For no man wills that he shall be born. But the chief glory of the Pilgrim adventure was the triumph of will over forbidding circumstance.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

"God's Ideal Type"

Cecil Rhodes, by Basil Williams. New York: H. Holt & Co.

"AFTER weighing all the pros and cons in his own mind, he concluded on a fifty per cent chance that there was a God, and on that fifty per cent chance resolved to base his beliefs and his actions. On this assumption his next step was to determine the end set before Himself by God for the evolution of the world; for, said he to himself, the proper business of man is to forward the end proposed by God. Running through various possible ends, wealth, worldly success and so on, he found that none of these were satisfactory, whereas on the broadest view of life and history, he argued, God was obviously trying to produce a type of humanity most fitted to bring peace, liberty and justice to the world and to make that type predominant. Only one race, so it seemed to him, approached God's ideal type, his own Anglo-Saxon race; God's purpose then was to make the Anglo-Saxon race predominant, and the best way to help on God's work and fulfil his purpose in the world was to contribute to the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon race and so bring nearer the reign of justice, liberty and peace," p. 50.

"Many, too, have vaguely held the same creed of the divinely appointed mission of the British race; but few, like Rhodes, have made it a direct spur to action throughout their lives," p. 51.

"With that curious mixture of child and prophet so often found in great men, this boyish document directed that a Secret Society should be endowed with the following objects: 'The extension of British rule throughout the world, . . . the colonization by British subjects of all lands where the means of livelihood are attainable by energy, labor and enterprise, and especially the occupation by British settlers of the entire continent of Africa, the Holy Land, the Valley of the Euphrates, the islands of Cyprus and Candia, the whole of South America, the islands of the Pacific not heretofore possessed by Great Britain, the whole of the Malay Archipelago, the seaboard of China and Japan, the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire,'" p. 51.

"The scheme appears less absurd if it is merely considered as the first sketch . . . In 1882, 1888, 1891 and 1893 he made further wills, all with the same intention . . . ," p. 52.

"The Colonial Secretary in the Cape Executive had from the outset made up his mind that the Diamond Fields must be brought within the British Dominions. Robert Southey was a remarkable man," p. 21.

"There is no doubt that, had diamonds never been discovered, Waterboer would have been left to his fate with the Free State, and the policy of the British Government not to advance beyond the Orange River, laid down in 1854 and since reiterated, would have been observed," p. 23.

Lo Bengula's country. "The Transvaal Boers had long cast covetous eyes on this country . . . There seems little doubt that in July 1887 Grobler obtained a document purporting to give the Transvaal wide powers of jurisdiction over their own subjects settled in Matabeleland, and to keep a consul in residence," p. 119.

Rhodes "decided to obtain speculative concessions in the new country and protect them by a royal charter. His own main object was to preserve as much as possible of Africa for British civilization, to his mind the greatest blessing in the world; but to make converts he did not rely on this lure alone. 'Pure philanthropy is all very

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well in its way,' as he said, 'but philanthropy plus 5 per cent is a good deal better.' The marvelous discovery of gold in the Rand has disposed the public to look favorably on the reports of gold to be found in Lo Bengula's dominions brought by every traveler of repute. So gold was to be the bait to attract the public to his project of northern expansion," p. 122.

"Grobler, the Transvaal emissary, was the first to fall out, for in passing through Bechuanaland he was waylaid and murdered . . . There is no ground for the suggestion made by some Boers at the time that British officials had any connection with the murder," p. 125.

"For more than a year after he had received the concession Rhodes was busy making it water-tight. His first anxiety was about Lo Bengula," p. 127.

"His policy with rivals who claimed concessions from Lo Bengula was the same as with rivals on the diamond fields: to make a deal with them if possible, and only fight them in the last resort," p. 129.

"He was an adept at winning powerful friends. It would, no doubt, have been comparatively easy for him to obtain absolution from the Unionist party then in power . . . but he had no such inclination . . . About the same time, probably, he also first made the acquaintance of Rothschild's son-in-law, Lord Rosebery, whom he came to look to as the English statesman most in harmony with his general outlook . . . Rhodes and his associates were asked to draft a Charter, and were given a private intimation that it would be advisable to include in their list of directors men of social and political standing . . . Rhodes took the hint and consulted his friend Colonel Euan Smith on likely men. Lord Balfour of Burleigh was first suggested as Chairman but his connection with the Government was a bar; thereupon Rhodes persuaded the Duke of Abercorn to accept the position; and the Prince of Wales's son-in-law, the Duke of Fife, also consented to join the Board. With his sure instinct for conciliating opponents Rhodes then approached Albert Grey . . . a signatory of the Circular directed against his concession . . . To have gained Grey, 'the Paladin of his generation,' was one of the best bits of work Rhodes ever did for himself and his great ideas," pp. 132-136.

"Portugal's extravagant claim to a continuous dominion from Angola on the west coast to Mozambique on the east. This would have entirely precluded Rhodes from securing for British enterprise the central tracts of Barotseland and Nyassaland north of the Zambesi," p. 134.

"The power granted by Charter to the British South Africa Company was, as Rhodes had said of the Rudd concession, 'gigantic,'" p. 137.

"It must be admitted that the promoters took good care of their own interests," p. 138.

"The three life-directors, the Dukes of Abercorn and Fife and Mr. Albert Grey, had been insisted on for their unblemished social and political position as a guarantee against any undue preponderance of Cecil Rhodes and his South African friends on the Board . . . All three, with the rest of the Board, succumbed at once and irretrievably to Rhodes's dominating personality," p. 163-164.

"The Portuguese began to make the most extravagant claims to the interior," p. 167.

Rhodes "allowed nothing to stand in the way of his own immediate object," p. 169.

Rhodes "had always said he would be quite content to leave the low-lying coast districts to the Portuguese, as long as he held the healthy uplands of the interior for his people. It [the treaty] also restored the ancient friendship and alliance between the two nations, while in Africa the Company ever afterwards had the most cordial relations with the Portuguese," p. 170.

"Lo Bengula, being an ignorant savage, never understood the concessions he had granted. . . . he was beginning to find confirmation of his fears expressed years before to the missionary Helm: 'Did you ever see a chameleon catch a fly? The chameleon gets behind the fly and remains motionless for some time, then he advances very slowly and gently, first putting forward one leg and then another. At last, when well within reach, he darts out his tongue and the fly disappears. England is the chameleon and I am the fly'," p. 173.

"The savages behaved as usual—murdering, pillaging and burning round the countryside and even within the precincts of Victoria itself. Captain Lendy, the Company's officer, remonstrated, but without avail. (Captain Lendy had already acquired unenviable notoriety by his brutal treatment of N'gomo. . . . It was certainly unfortunate that the Matabele war was opened with this man in an important position)," p. 173-174.

"Every man who invaded Matebeleland was to receive a farm of 6,000 acres. . . . Lo Bengula, harried as a fugitive, did not long survive the loss of his country," p. 176-177.

Rhodes "praised the high franchise in Prussia, 'a most enormous but necessary protection against demogagues . . . a most unpleasant people'," p. 189.

"He admitted to Labouchère in 1897 that he got between three and four hundred thousand [pounds] a year from the Gold Fields. . . . In De Beers . . . he received close on £200,000 a year. He must every year . . . have obtained enough to bring his total income at least up to the million," p. 115.

"His personal disinterestedness in Cape politics also earned their respect. After he had been in office three years it was discovered that he and his secretaries between them had cost the Colony no more than £527:5s during the whole period," p. 191.

"This friendly atmosphere in the Cape Parliament facilitated Rhodes's special methods of government," p. 191.

"The Times, which at one period had spoken somewhat sceptically and slightingly of his plans, became a wholehearted convert," p. 235.

"In the City Rhodes had the powerful Kaffir ring at his command, and, thanks to the Rothschilds' cautious and weighty approval, was fast becoming a gilt-edged security of the Empire," p. 235.

Rosebery "was a powerful friend in the Cabinet," p. 236.

"By 1895 a subtle change was coming over him: he was losing some of his powers of self-restraint and of waiting upon the occasion. His health was partly to blame," p. 251.

The Raid. "The conviction was gradually forced upon Rhodes that if the rising was not to be a fiasco he must himself take a hand in it," p. 255.

"In taking this decision judgment and the sense of honor had alike deserted Rhodes; for as Prime Minister of the Cape and managing director of the Chartered Company he had no business to interfere with the internal affairs of a friendly state. . . .," p. 255.

Jameson "obtained from the Johannesburg leaders a letter of invitation to himself, . . . danger to 'thousands of unarmed men, women and children . . . at the mercy of well-armed Boers' . . . The date of the letter was purposely left blank; Jameson was to fill it in when he started and use its appeal for the helpless women and children as a justification for invading the Boers' territory," p. 266.

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"Above all, by this attempted short-cut to success, he [Rhodes] had undone his patient labor of years to unite English and Dutch and to promote the union of South Africa," p. 274.

"In April 1898 Rhodes was restored to the board of the British South Africa Company: not that it made any real difference to his power," p. 306.

"The great Colossus," p. 281.

"The great man who has aimed high, and, as with all those who aim highest, has failed in reaching the utmost height," p. 325.

Harcourt "admitted to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt that 'Rhodes was an astonishing rogue and liar'," p. 236.

"Rhodes was indeed a faulty hero: what hero is not?" p. 329.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

The Lonely Soul

Clerambault, by Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

NO man deserves better of his fellow citizens of the world than Romain Rolland. Like Bertrand Russel and Friedrich Foerster, he is an outstanding figure of a prophet who refused to bow the knee to the Baal of popular bigotry and hate. It was Romain Rolland who said of a country at war that it had to defend not only its frontiers but its reason, words that deserve a place beside those of Edith Cavell, "Patriotism is not enough."

This is the burden of the book in which Romain Rolland puts before us an experience of the war, not his own but that of a free spirit like himself who feels his way, "uncertain, sensitive and impressionable, but sincere and ardent in the cause of truth." Clerambault is a successful author, a man of distinction, an intellectual whom the war utterly surprises. His first instinct is "to rejoin the flock, rub himself against the human animals, his brothers, feel with them, act with them." He has his weeks of sheer intoxication when the flag and the Marseillaise are enough. Then comes the need of the emotional boost of idealism. He constructs his thesis "War against War, War for Peace, for Eternal Peace." His first disillusionment comes through his son, Maxime, returning from the front on leave, who can respond to none of Clerambault's slogans "The Crushing of the Huns," "The Triumph of the Right." Then comes the news of Maxime's death, and Clerambault awakens. He steps out of the herd and stands alone, without illusions.

"Even if you were twenty thousand times more right in this struggle, is your justification worth the disasters it costs? Does justice demand that millions of innocents should fall, a ransom for the sins and errors of others? Is crime to be washed out by crime? or murder by murder? And must your sons be not only victims but accomplices, assassinated and assassins?"

"I do not know the gods of Justice and Liberty; I only know my brother-man, and his acts, sometimes just, sometimes unjust; and I also know of peoples, all aspiring to real liberty but all deprived of it."

Thus Clerambault becomes an internationalist, in the common phrase, a defeatist. For a time the sorrow of those who have suffered and lost restrains his utterance. He dares not shake the faith of these mourners in the necessity of their sacrifices, or breathe a doubt "that the cause was sacred for which these dear ones fell." There comes a time when he can no longer remain silent. He publishes an apologia in a Socialist paper, and these pages, "Forgive us, ye dead," are the noblest in the book. At first the articles awaken no response. Then suddenly there is a storm about him. His brother-in-law assails him in private, and his old school-fellow, Octave Bertin, in public. The press is out in full cry. Clerambault tries to conceal his position from his wife, but she learns of it through the insults of the neighbors. His daughter is separated from her lover. Yet in being thus cast out by public opinion Clerambault has a singular sense of freedom and power. "He was, as it were, new-born. . . . He learned to taste a joy of which he had never before had an idea—the giddy joy of the free lance in a fight." Into his loneliness come other friends drawn by his writings, wounded soldiers, younger men, and through them Clerambault is brought into contact with the revolution. By urging peace he contributes to the stirring up of social struggle, "for true pacifism is a condemnation of the present." He is pursued by the secret service, examined at length, mobbed, beaten, assassinated.

Clerambault is thus the record of a man's thought and of his action, a spiritual and a temporal drama. In the first aspect it is finest and truest, for Clerambault's thought is the author's own. Of his external life the dramatization is rather feeble. Many characters are introduced to represents the different points of view which Clerambault encounters, the cynical professor Perrotin who sees the war as a phase in a universal cycle, in which individual duty is merely to do "what is right and reasonable," and make no vain sacrifices; Theuron, the journalist, who, "a sort of pacifist from time to time," is the more useful as a spy; the little group of defeatists, who like a band of early Christians, gather about the bedside of Edmé Froment, brought back from the front paralyzed in body but prophetically clear in mind. It is unfortunate that these characters are merely mouthpieces for ideas; the very attempt to individualize them in form and speech serves only to reveal their mechanical quality. And Clerambault himself, when he is outside the realm of thought has something of the evangelical character traditional to French propaganda. In his cheerful running to and fro to keep the story moving along the intellectual lines prescribed for it he reminds us of the hero of Zola's Fécondité.

In respect to dramatic force and reality Clerambault falls below Mr. Britling Sees It Through and Barbusse's Clarté, with which it will naturally be compared. But in intellectual power it rises above them—and in the emotional appeal of the single situation, in which Clerambault realizes; "I have given all, even what was not my own."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Strikes in War-Time

War-Time Strikes and Their Adjustment, by Alexander M. Bing. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

THE war is now sufficiently far behind to enable us to reflect more or less calmly on the war-time relations of capital and labor. It was a period characterized by a truce between the employers and the unions. A good deal of arbitration replaced industrial warfare. Many employers became more liberal and workers seemed more tolerant. Various plans for better industrial relations were proposed. There was much idealization, and high

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hopes were freely expressed that the old conditions would never return, that the dawn of a better day was at hand. But somehow or other these hopes are not realized today. Why? What lessons can we learn from these industrial experiences?

Mr. Bing has written a clear and well-rounded account of what happened between capital and labor during the war. His book will serve as a good reference for a record of the facts. The best tribute to be paid the author, however, is the fairness of his interpretations. The subject is a highly emotional one which nearly always stimulates a partisan response. Yet Mr. Bing, as employer of labor, has maintained an exceptional detachment and balance. His experience during the war as an active worker in the settlements of controversies between employers and employees no doubt developed his ability to see both sides.

We entered the war, the author shows, in a state of industrial unpreparedness. Wages were too low. Capital seemed to hate labor. Labor was sullen. The government was groping in the dark. The newspapers had no plan; only a few liberal journals seemed to have constructive ideas. Congress did practically nothing toward developing a program; the whole burden fell on the executive branch of the government and rested there throughout the war. The cost of living began to rise and labor became scarce. In shipping, shipbuilding, and the construction of cantonments adjustment boards began to function. Special agencies were set up in the War and Navy Departments. Then came the President's Mediation Commission, out of which grew the War Labor Board and the War Labor Policies Board. The President's proclamation in April, 1918, set forth the principles of the War Labor Board which soon came to be regarded as the highest labor law of the land. These principles concerned the prohibition of strikes and lockouts, the recognition of collective bargaining and the right to organize, the status quo in the closed shop, the maintenance of standards, the principle of equal pay for equal work, and the living wage. Problems of overtime, bonuses, piece-work, and standardization were settled by adjustments.

And then came the armistice, which was followed by the abandonment of the adjustment machinery, the failure of the industrial conferences, and the final return to conditions of so-called non-governmental interference. The question naturally arises, if adjustment and arbitration worked well, if there was a desirable spirit of cooperation and mutual sacrifice, if production was relatively uninterrupted during the war, why were not all these things valuable in times of peace? Who is to be blamed for such an abandonment?

It seems to the reviewer that the explanation of this problem is to be found largely in the course of the business cycle in a milieu of war. Running through the explanation with the brevity required necessitates a certain amount of cartooning, which will of course appear as doctrinaire to the philosophically minded who insist on giving recognition to all factors. The improvement in industrial relations during the war made the sympathetic student of social progress very hopeful. There was much discussion of labor turnover and its costliness. Personnel managers were employed to smooth out the friction. The good will of workers was sought. Welfare work grew. Schemes of industrial democracy were tried out in a great many plants. There were shop committees, vestibule training schools, psychological tests, and impartial chairmen. We read papers on the creative impulse of the workers and wrote books on industrial good will. To the liberal who hates the realities of struggle and conflict and to whom spiritual values and faith are conspicuous elements of progress, all this seemed good.

But underneath this idealogical superstructure is the upward trend of the business cycle, greatly accentuated by the war, and a powerful drive of selfishness. The employer is more likely to be solicitious about the wishes of his employees when there is a scarcity of labor, when there are no marketing problems, and when the rate of profits is high. The employer cannot afford to let labor go, hence conferences on labor turnover; the foreman cannot bully his men for fear of losing them, hence personnel managers; production depends on good will, hence shop committees and the creative impulse. When immigration was cut off and organized workers secured raises in wages because of the increasing cost of living, the unions grew in membership. The growth of trade unions meant the encouragement of "company unions" by the employers and the talk about giving labor a "voice." The great demand for production and easy credit meant undreamed of profits. Welfare work could be paid for, and it made labor less likely to turn over.

But the armistice was signed, the government lost control over the market and could no longer force employers to arbitrate, irrespective of President Wilson's preoccupation with the League of Nations to the neglect of programs of reconstruction. The War Labor Board was scrapped. Soldiers returned, immigrants came, and the labor shortage lessened. The bank reserves became low, credit was restricted, the interest rate rose, and presently prices began to fall. Unemployment set in. Labor managers were fired and went back to the colleges. The employee could now be bossed because of the fear of losing his job. Welfare work seems more costly when profits are curtailed. Unions have a hard time during a period of unemployment. There is silence on industrial democracies and shop committees. The crest has been passed and the business cycle is on the down grade.

Perhaps some of the social gains are lasting. However, much of the social organization and effort, correlated with the relations of capital and labor, has fluctuated with the movement of the business cycle, which has been during the war somewhat like a tidal wave. The power of this economic force will no doubt cause additional reflection to such forward-looking liberals as propose to control and direct the course of social evolution.

WILLIAM F. OGBURN.

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